

THE
WASHINGTON SAUSAGE

BEING A MISCELLANY BY SEVERAL HANDS, FEW
of Them Old at the Craft

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FINI

The editors wish to acknowledge the assistance of Mrs. Warren Henderson in preparing this collection. They also wish to thank those of the college administration who gave us free use of the reproducing facilities.

Especially do the editors wish to thank all those who contributed their poetry to this number of the Washington Sausage, even those too shy to allow the use of their name. The indulgence of the reader in the matter of errors is begged for, and the reader, too, is thanked for the very kind interest he is showing in our efforts.

RRT

2.

TO
GILBERT WILCOX MEAD

Magister

A SONNET FOR A WOMAN IN A HOUSE ON A CORNER

Retain the superficial act, my friend.
Don't drop your chin upon your palm and wonder.
Don't lacerate your mind. It might not mend.
Don't reach for lightning or seek the source of thunder,
because the winds of time hold awful faces,
and if the ape and ogre should be freed
their shadows may obscure your gentle graces,
your voice shout malice; your fingers curl in greed.
Arrange your sofas, put flower s in a bowl.
Give food to children or take them to the park,
and if you think, think only of your soul
as careful as a candle in the dark
that lights a corpse's lips and cheeks and head
but does not let us see the man is dead.

--Margaret Stavelly

THREE AT LUNCHEON

The
rejected lover: Think not your patronizing air
Is for a moment lost on me
But I have long since ceased to care
And feel far luckier than he
For whom you cast my love aside.

The
wife: To think I might have been the wife
One time of such a man as you
Who've been a failure all your life.
I see I have no cause to rue
The fact I chose to be his bride.

The
husband: I little thought on that proud day
When Henriette's choice fell on me
The heavy price I'd have to pay
For my too easy victory,
Or I'd have felt less cause for pride.

F. Meigs

SONNET

Beating with desperate wings his captor's hand
The imprisoned bird strives wildly to be free;
So this one hour plucked from eternity
Beats on my brain, nor ceases to demand
Its freedom. Who is there can command
Swift time to fold its wings, this hour to be
Forever frozen in perpetuity,
Or stop in the glass the ever-running sand?
I'd keep you by me never to depart,
If so to do but lay within my power,
But our love's end was fated from the start.
We shall grow old and half forget this hour,
Of all our years an infinitesimal part,
Yet of their harvest its most perfect flower.

F. Meigs

SONNET

Who knows my heart would find a tangled web
 Of half writ themes and words I never spoke,
 The smiles and tears of friends that never ebb,
 A chain of thoughts that time can not revoke.
 There is no place within my heart for things.
 Things are but thoughts objectively displayed
 All fond recall to my heart never brings
 A calling card which soon may be mislaid.
 I never fear to lose that which I love,
 No matter what may happen to the world.
 A shattering quake or torrents from above
 Can not dislodge the smallest precious pearl.
 At end of day my thoughts will still turn back,
 And though alone, my heart will never lack.

K. E. Schomborg

DOMINATION

A shackled land is man but weak and pale,
 A waning lamp that dully gleams its light,
 A doleful lay that's set to dirging wail,
 And wrapped in sighs unfolds a tale of blight
 From throats of men that echo Linbo'd years
 In protest there of custom's stithy band
 That panders hope and will to darkened daze,
 Decrying hate that springs from Greed's brigand
 Man pleads release from said Oppression's chain
 Desiring naught but steps unbridled pace,
 Unchallenged paths to follow not in vain,
 And evermore his doughty arms encase.
 Once more to bask in freedom's joyful clime
 A wish, a creed that tasks relentless time.

J. Feeley

TRUTH

TRUTH whom they say to have been nobody's daughter
 Took off her clothes and jumped in the water.
 But the story has only half been told
 She died to save herself being sold
 Into collegiate prostitutions
 Where fear rules institutions
 And unhappy men perpetuate unhappy lies,
 Where trust, respect or honor surely dies.

A-s

MUSIC

The book is open--the notes are black and foreboding.
 Memories crowd in and haunt each page and familiar notation.
 The past becomes a living reality again.

* * * *

Once more I stand on the familiar bricks,
 fighting back the tears.

The door is closed.
 The music done.
 I may never return.
 Never see you again
 Never hear the music your
 mind, soul, and body invoked.

Gone are the sounds that kept my heart.
 Gone are the warm days and filled nights--
 nights when your music touched the stars.

And as I stand here looking at the building which
 is now a shell - empty and haunted by ghostly melodies,
 I yearn for those happy hours when it was breathing
 and pulsating,
 Housing vibrant living sound,
 Protecting me.
 Sustaining you.
 I realize all is past.
 There is only the aching future.

The pigeons flutter softly against the shut
 windows.
 The fountain continues its merry splash.
 I walk away.

* * * *

The black notes are still before me.
 This quiet cloister effuses a bitter peace.
 But with a caress I touch the keys.
 And as I begin to play, all sorrow melts.
 Gone is loneliness.
 Gone is materiality.
 I meet you again.
 See and hear you as I echo the music you played.

Now I know we can always meet whenever I hear the glorious
 tones of this -- your music.

T. Dora

SONNET

The spot we saw had ne'er been seen before.
 Its beauty had a poet's grace of mind
 Its coves and trees were those of God's own store.
 Thus we sat down in joy and peace to dine.
 Our feast was that of a great king and queen
 Whose lands and people were nature's servants
 The meats and cakes, and drinks covered the green
 For they were offerings of earth's hermits.
 The time flew by in this heaven of ours
 Darkness came slowly through the leaves and trees
 The majesty of our clinging towers
 Had faded with the sleep of birds and bees.
 This was our dream of peace on earth one time
 Strange, with wealth our dream faded, now sublime.
 Anon.

SONNET

The New Year

The band blares out to the swift tempo beat,
 A vocalist croons the last lingering lines,
 Through the smoke-filled room ringing Auld-Lang-Syne.
 The swaying, noisy crowd with frenzied feet,
 Greet the brand new year in the choking heat,
 Of a bar-room or tavern, with pulled blind,
 Horns blaring and breaking and swaying with rhyme.
 Of dancers who never tire of the beat.
 Of merry laughter, music, drink and song,
 Belong to the fools who live the short liv'd bliss.
 Of a moment's gladness, forget too soon
 The music dies, friends forget-you no more belong,
 To that siren world than to an angel's kiss,
 So live a lively life--sometime there'll be another
 June.

Anon.

CONFLICT

"Other Voices, Other Rooms,"
 The title I've just seen,
 Is strange upon the eye,
 To one who is not keen.
 So this is art, the art of prose.
 I wonder to its wealth
 To take the place of birds and trees
 In springtime's greenish health.
 I doubt that I am one to say,
 "Take up this book and read!"
 For books, to me, are second to
 The planting of a seed.

Anon.

G. W. M.

Flood gently, good Thames; let not our rude tears affright your file.
 Flow, ebb, and swell again in maternal rythm. Greater sons of your
 own
 Have you had to mourn, quietly lament, altering not for human grief
 the while.
 It were mortal conceit then to say our loss were yours. What livery
 Wore you for Milton, for Shakespere, for Pope? Were not these especially
 your sons?
 How then must you have heard his sighs, who alien, was not ignorant
 of your pools, gates, and stairs?
 Cunning world dissolute, the pented soul sees gardens of vanity,
 shrill spires, small corners of human hell patent with equal eye.
 And walks in companionship with those whose bones you do yet closely
 hide, calling them brother.
 Could you not have quickened therefore in sorrow, O Thames? Not have
 Been still the hour and had men ask what signifies this? Your
 sister Chester
 Haunts yet the quiet pools, wears dour willow for wonted spume,
 Publishes her not to the westerly winds, her nymphs dressed soberly.
 Let Remembrance be cast upon the flood. One tear shed here
 Must be borne separate and distinct through time and space
 With a mysterious sympathy that you too shall heed.

A-s

REMORSE

In these our times
 Would that man could be
 What he was,
 When in looking about a world
 Void of man-made machines,
 He beheld a world worthy of betterment;
 And his soul burned--
 And his hands produced!

Alas!

Now Man's mind is fettered
 By the chains of prosperity,
 While ambition burns, smolders,
 And dies out
 In his soul....

O.E.R.

WHOSE SPRING?

Beneath this tree perhaps someone did lie
 And watch the gulls sail by on salty wings
 And hear the wind-swept reeds so meekly sing
 The praises of the sun, the rain, the sky.
 Perhaps this man would question whether I
 Could know the truest pleasures of this thing
 That he had captioned "my beloved spring."
 And just because he loved the earth and sky.
 At times each man feels heir to grass and trees,
 And covets ev'ry flow'r and petal bright.
 He feigns an ownership to that he sees,
 The world as his own private satellite.
 And now I sit beneath the budding trees,
 And covet, own, all that's within my sight.

OER

THE FOG

The fog comes arm in arm with silent night,
 And veils the marsh beneath its soggy felt.
 The forms of trees within its grey do melt
 And ships and shoreline blend and fade from sight.
 Yet softly 'neath this veil a sound so slight,
 The ripples touch the sand and then are dealt
 Beneath the tide where larger brothers dwelt;
 The pressing fog has robbed them of their might.
 Then morning with her breath of warming light
 Bids Night depart from her intended place.
 Then fog and darkness once again unite,
 Their gloomy way they once again retrace.
 And so again the marsh regains its height;
 The fog has fled to its hiding place.

OER

CHASTENING OF A HEART

Officious little imp,
 How dare you tell me what to do?
 My cerebrum, product of a billion years
 Of clever evolution is far wiser.

Unruly organ,
 Who told you you could use my lips
 To speak your little piece?
 Get on with your pumping.

Wily rascal,
 Have you been conniving with the Fates
 And keeping secrets from me?
 Have you?

Anon.

SONNET

Where lies man's answer in this bitter sphere?
 Is it in the garrett bare to pour his whole
 On some poor page, each word to sink the spear
 Of loneliness and twist it in his soul?
 Or in the cruel calculating mart
 With God of commerce sit, a master smug,
 Proscribed by those he pays? Or yet with cart
 To pull, quick glimpse of sun his abling drug?
 Or even victors lead, and after truce
 Find out excuse once more again to war?
 Perhaps don habit and aline with Zeus,
 Gautama, Christ--to bigotry be whore?
 No! Truth is not born of such worldly pelf--
 To see light, man must sublimate himself.

L. B.

SONNET

No longer scorn the thought of fallacy,
 Nor claim a reaper for your thoughts untold.
 Ebb tides of truth within, but ne're unfold,
 A glimpse beneath the human galaxy.
 Speak not of truth, or pay the callous fee,
 Of thorn wounds in a heart turned cold,
 A silenced wind of aching joys once bold
 Never again to say- Oh! promise me.
 They to Byronistic theory trod.
 Think not of pastures old for they subside,
 But to the field ahead carelessly plod,
 And build the castle high for you have lied
 That straight from Hell I say to this known sod,
 "Content, though blind, had I no better guide."

Wm. Atwell

TO STEIN

I read a line of prose by Gertrude Stein
 It stirred within me something yet untold
 Aroused it was while camping near a shrine,
 And gave me cause to set these lines down bold.
 Laugh not o'friend at what I have to say,
 For what is so is truth, as truth of past.
 That we are lost, are lost, have gone astray,
 The world is lost, is lost, but it will last.
 "A dying race are we," she said.
 A war occurred, it ceased, its race's run.
 The claiming earth has taken back her dead,
 The struggle's past, forgotten, it is done.
 And tears of sadness ne'er before expressed,
 For lost is world where gladness is no rest.

J. Undutch

WHY SO FAST?

A car is what is deemed today as wealth.
 In truth, a pinnacle achieved by means
 Of either fair or foul, honest or stealth.
 We strive, struggle, engage in idle dreams,
 For what we do or say has naught in gains,
 To buy, admire, to clean and shine in awe
 A new model designed for speed as planes
 With open mouth wonderment that we saw.
 Now what will histories say in time to come
 When unearth they will machines of old rust.
 And tell of an age that died while yet young
 Who ne'er could go too fast to turn to dust.
 And who will be there to explain the fate
 That occurred to fools who increased their rate.

J. Undutch

NO SOCIALIZED MEDICINE FOR ME,
 THANKS!

It's un-American to heal the poor.
 Better to let the slum-bred children die
 Than that the Government should say my door
 Shall open to all sick humanity.

Rickey-tickey

TRUTH

In endless search he wandered weary lands
 To find the hope, a light, unhaunted truth
 That led to calming peace and constant youth
 Which sought, unfound, mocks low in sleeping sands.
 With fiery torch, in straining march he sped
 To Christian world where all this man began
 There ikons blessed marked an ageless span,
 In West idolatry with darkness wed.
 Perforce he sought a corner contemplate,
 And inward pierced to lift the Stygian veil,
 And there reposing truth enthroned in state
 Does plead release from burden's coat of mail.
 Here travels end and peace is born to sate
 The restless mind and searching quest abate.

J. Feeley

LONGINGS

It's hard for me to say I know of love.
 I only know of longing for a kiss.
 I know of love--in long for a girl
 A passion for embrace, a sleep of bliss.

The desire to touch a gently flowing curl
 And gently touch and kiss a cool sweet face
 To have two as one, with mother earth below
 And no stars, only God above

T. Ritter

TO YOU

All things are dimmed compared to thee
 The ire of fire, the greatness of the sea
 The majesty of the hills, the benediction of the tree
 Music's lost its melody.

For art I have no more desire
 The warm madonnas of the masters look austere
 The jealous Apollo seems alarmed, my love
 I love to hold you in my arms.

T. Ritter

THE ROSE

Methinks the rose too much favoured of man.
 I plead therefore the burnished marigold
 Or frilly phlox, embowered cosmos cold
 To sentimental eye, A Juno's fan
 Of stalk and fern. Royal blooded William
 His shame forgiven, tattered honour sold,
 Counter your Frenchified garden does hold
 With naught honest and English 'neath his ban.
 Oh, but plain faced Susan's my darling;
 S'oe eyed beggar maid of sodded fields:
 As first she drew proprietor's fancy
 With open soul, laughing, from guile's marling
 Free. Herself to eager hands she yields
 Willingly--so would I too my Nancy!

Anon.

... MOTHER MINNIE

Wardress!
 Jangler of keys!
 Alma Mater verita!

How long have you kept the gates
 Secure agin cunning assault?
 How long have you the tender foolish hearts
 Close gathered into your hands

Only to betray them when best it moved you
 (By inspiration, divine by half, yours by half)
 Into the hands of the rude besiegers,
 Man?

Oft and oft again have you culled the
 Prize (and silliest too) among the sacred flock
 Who, reft of your aegis, has lain
 Mortified at the altar of Cupid.

Yet how wisely did you tutor her,
 once novice, now strident priestess,
 Calculating, secure, matronly--and sometimes even
 Happy.

All this by thee, joiner of hearts,
 Grave repository of grave secrets
 Jangler of keys
 Wardress.

Reid Hall Cadet

ON LIFE

For men to strive for time and in life hide,
 The thought so small, but major in its theme,
 Of how to live in a contented dream,
 Or to a person all their truths confide,
 A vision of happiness, purpose and pride.
 The intent for to do, if but a scheme
 All the good things in life -- how low they seem!
 Best, first to nature's rules we must abide.
 Just try the small thing that is sublime,
 And practise it in all our daily living.
 With never the care of why they are done--
 Or even to say why they are all mine.
 Forget the taking--try the giving,
 True you can be sure your life will be all fun.

Anon.

A SICKENING SIGHT

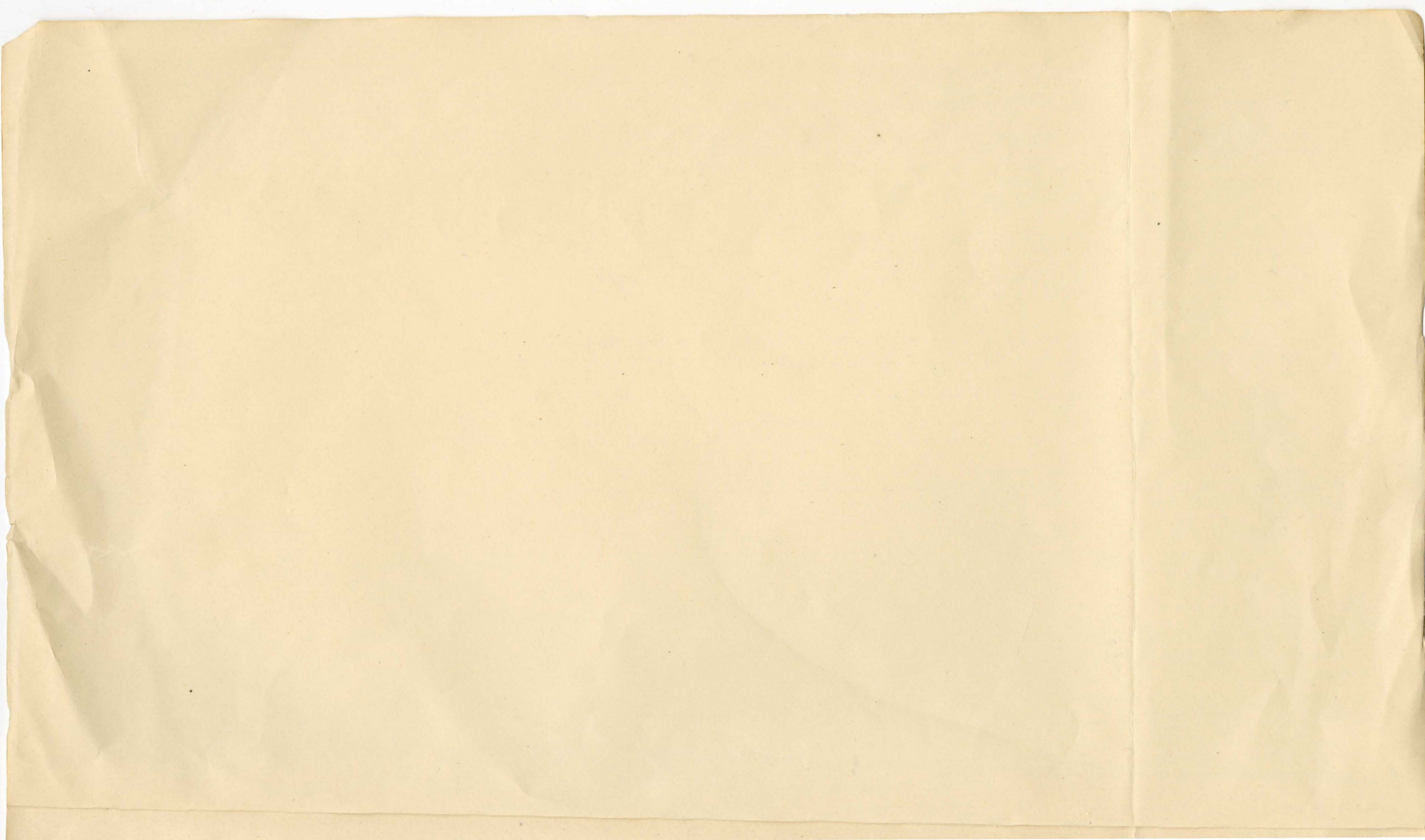
The rotten smell of a rotten place.
 All reeks with the smell of a rotten hell
 In which the lowly prostitute does dwell
 Luring the weakest of the human race.
 Taking sordid love into her human till
 And her body laden with human sores
 This miserable scion of professional whores
 For life and love she has lost her will.
 But for her body, ill men will lust
 They wait as lines of nature eaten hedges
 Existing upon society as mere wretched dredges,
 Waiting for the day her love with rust.
 Oh, but the world should pity these
 Who suck at the tit of human breze.

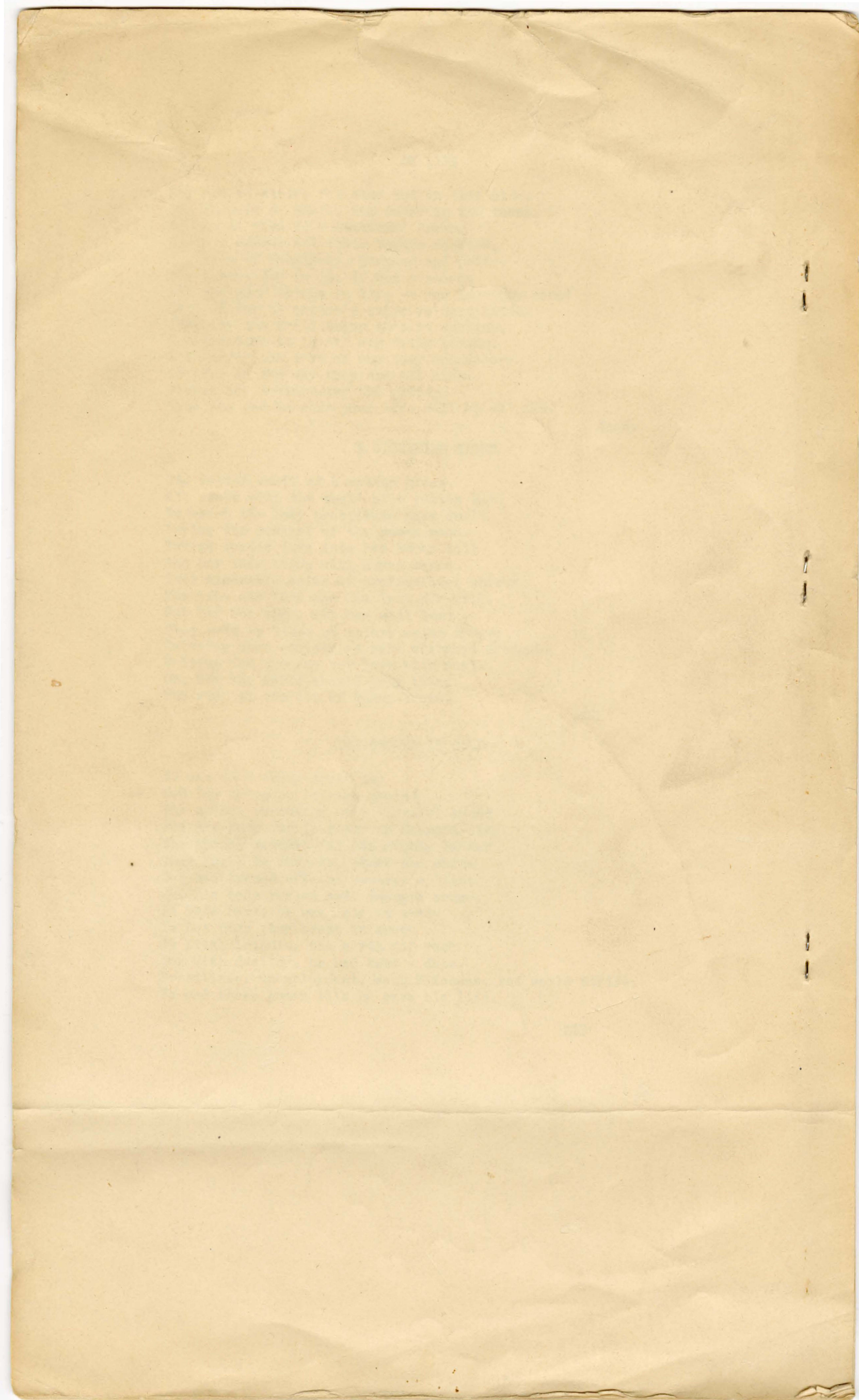
HGB

THE GROUND IS COLD

It was on a sunny April day
 Men lay dying on foreign ground
 The nation resounded with mournful sound
 For his body lay in peace on Georgia clay.
 The nation mourned for its mighty leader
 They knelt in streets, black and white
 God had turned off the country's light
 Oh, his body rested amid Georgia cedar.
 In Hyde Park, he was laid in state
 To his bier they crept in shock
 In final tribute, the earth did rock
 For with destiny, he had kept a date.
 Breadlines, unemployment, soup kitchens, and world strife,
 To end these human ills he gave his life.

HGB





The Washington

Sausage

1950

Number Two

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THE
WASHINGTON
SAUSAGE
of
1950

A MISCELLANY BY DIVERS HANDS

Done
at
WASHINGTON COLLEGE
Chestertown, Maryland

Copyright 1950
Ralph Thornton

Vol. I
No. 2

To
All
Men
Who have the
Cause of Liberty
and the Advance of Human
Dignity as their Goal Regardless
of Personal Sacrifice or
Safety, this
Book is
Humbly
Dedicated.

FOREWORD

This is a foreword, not an apology. The idea of a student literary magazine needs, it seems, to me at anyrate, no defense. The execution of our design is, we admit, imperfect. Our intention, we flatter ourselves, is little less than sublime.

Hence the SAUSAGE. If some find offense at certain works presented herein, we protest the fault is theirs. Our efforts have been bent to give you honestly the honest work of our campus craftsmen. True, the reproduction of their work leaves much to be desired; but none can say we have bowdlerized our opera. For the sketchy works, gentle folk, pardon.

This little magazine takes its name from the undergraduate humour magazine of Oxford of the 1800's. There, we fear, the resemblance ends.

The editorial work is the product of Mr. Cren Robinson, Mr. Leo Blom, and the undersigned. Our thanks go to Messrs. Humphrey, Draper, Althouse, Fisher, and Sironini for their assistance and interest. The Misses Eisenberg, Reeder, and Flowers helped with the brute work of publication, but our chief debt is owed Mrs. Louise Licata for her valiant work on the mimeograph machine.

To our contributors, many thanks. For those who have helped in other ways to make this publication a success, our deepest gratitude.

The errors, of which there are many, we freely acknowledge. We are poets, not typographers or tobacco men. Perhaps we should investigate those fields.

R. Thornton

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NINE RIVERS

There are nine rivers to the Eastern Shore;
No fewer, no more.

Some count every swollen creek or marsh,
Not I; only the few, the noble few.
Three times three; ~~mythic~~ as the land they wash.

Bright Elk
Flashing in the hills
Diversion to weary travelers
Sick of stringing slums
Slamming by as hard wheels
Mill endlessly the filthy ballast.
Soft Maryland Hills
Green Maryland Hills
Cupping the Elk in folds
Promising the piedmont to come.
Ho, softly breath the flute
Mocking the mocker as he sings mocking the singer.
Come, Pan, a wild dance tune, with your pipes; match
The Dapple of the Bohemia, if you can.
Only the strange onion dome
Looks upon such rites as Saturday night fights,
Or non-memonites, as the carefree Bohemia,
Broad of face, gold sedged, eyed blue

Captain John Smith, gentleman, found thee, Sassafras.
Would he had hid thee again;
Hid thee away, well away from those who where you
Of a Sunday.

Where blows the tinted dogwood the serenest?
(In pride of the roodwood blood.)
Where crowds the Judas the soonest?
(To the mourner's rail to relive the
Purple shame of the betrayal.) Odd, the lamb
And the tiger grow intertangled.
Altar decked.
Witness, Chester, that this you may bear
To the heartsick in their despair.

Which shall it be--
The Liles or the Wye?
Stop soul erosion
Or neither, by'nby.

The Choptank wearily drains the back country,
 Flat land, flat marsh, flat sky, before the brush touches the
 sizing, grizzled white.
 Sullen in her utilitarian robes, Bravo for the Cinderella facade
 Over which automatons Hell-or-Cambridge bent scarce nod.
 This is six.
 The Nanticoke smells of marsh and game
 The Vicomico is much the same
 Green fields, white gray-towered towns
 Kneec the river for room and the flood writhes in pain.
 Then tall pines by taller pines
 Do passage take.
 Oak amidst oak decays, mud surrounded
 And worn out battling the economic tides
 And the hateful fumes of diesels mock the rot of stinking sail
 And the river reeds alone are quickened
 When the winds are fresh agale.

Let him who has himself the Pocomoke explored
 Take down the basoon from the wall
 And with staccato gruff
 Transfix us. Who has not heard the voices of the
 Swamps? Plumbed the deeps, dreamed the dread secrets
 One dreams in dreams with peril to the immortal soul.
 What ugly forms breed privily in those slow turning pools?
 What immortals have let this black gore
 In silent battle, silent as sin?
 There are nine rivers; nine rivers only, not one more.

TO MARY LU

Well, Mary Lu, you've come to this:
 Left us, without a by our leave;
 Could not the fell sergeant been cozen'd
 For yet a little while?

But a little whit of time, a little space!
 Step after step
 We advance.
 Or is it step before step?

How does man walk?
 Come, Mary Lu, tell us,
 Lest we tease ourselves so
 Our memories fission into eternity unawares.

-- Akaisan --

THE DUNCLAD--NEW VERSION

I sing the Service Baccalaureate,
The index of the true scholastic state!
Interment of the academic year
With principals arrayed in black--a sweaty gear.
Inspired by years of academic life
Mid ivied walls so nearly free from strife
The Dean conducts the simple sacrament
In studied words of tender sentiment.
Below him sits the graduating class,
An emblem of the educated mass,
Smugly conscious of its slight renown
And dignified by rented cap and gown.
How moist their eyes, how feverish their brows,
To think that once they tended father's cows!
Then education reared its sainted head,
And cultivated some, and some misled.
The stacked diplomas mutely prophesy
The heights of unemployment in July.
(But cynicism's wit is often shallow;
It indicates a mind too long lain fallow
We should not scorn the Bachelor's degree
Because we understand it's but a key.)
In Nineteen-fifty, on the Fourth of June
A hundred students graduate at noon.
Although exigencies poetical
Prevent us being alphabetical,
We vote with pleasure as they pass
Some members of the graduating class:
Schnitzer, Naiman, Sutton, Mendenhall,
Paczulla, Johnson, Stone, and Leslie Full.
Frenizer, Mansome, Leonard, Donohoe,
Silesky, Fisher Jackson, Carrico,
MacPherson Miller, Baker, Shetterly,
Dennis, Tilley, Tom, and Ivory.
A cast of characters right out of Oz--
Pumphrey, Feehan, Eisenberg, and Fosz.
John Wesley's parsons--Hastings, Ogden, Ruth,
Who spent four futile years in search of Truth.
And equally we feel the loss of those named:
It's lack of space prevents their being defamed.

--L. E.--

THE TIDE

Constantly ...
The tempest
Beats against the buttressed shores of the mind;
And each wave decreases the protecting wall
By a grain.

And later ...
The seepage begins,
And algae begins to grow
On the inner side of the wall.

And finally ...
A slow trickle turns it to a flood
And the wall crumbles.
And the tide rolls mightily on
Leaving but a whirlpool
To mark what was once
A man.

--OER

DYING

Sails full blown and fair tides fall,
Land soon sinks far from eye's view;
Tears from shore and sad adieu,
Revered fill'd minds all joys recall.
So to strange lands leagues far beyond,
Lush with lines of emerald green,
Plies the craft through seas serene
Steer's so true by hands so fond
Of caring for this able crew.
Who death o'er took in another land,
And so as dying ere must be
To those who bid that sad adieu,
These men find on this foreign strand
Shouts of welcome beauty to see.

--Anon.

FOOTSTEPS

I am haunted by the sound of footsteps coming up behind
My ear is listening, listening-
And my mind-
For a familiar tread...
How can I hear the present world or look ahead,
Listening always for the sound of footsteps
Coming up behind?

So many times we've parted you and I,
Compelled by this necessity,
And as I went,
Numb, deaf and blind,
So many times I heard your footsteps coming up behind;
I felt your hand slip into mine;
I heard you say:
"I will go with you for a little way..."
A little way---a little way.

Postponement is a subtle agony:
I feel the edge of death but do not die;
Nor in these lacerations may I know if death has come.
And I -
Go, ... blind deaf and numb...
And listen always to the sounds behind
Echo like footsteps
In a haunted mind.

--M. M.--

ANNIVERSARY

Today I am a mouse
between the unsheathed claws
of Memory
that crouching beast
whose hot quick breath
fans dry my tears
whose green-glare eyes
hold mine
despite my fears
it tosses plays
and mangles
then at even it
will slink away

(continued)

to Shadowland
 I shall be free
 another year
 yet in the silence
 of the night
 or on the crowded
 city street
 sometimes I'll sense
 the stealthy pad
 of stalking feet

-- Con Frast --

A PRAYER ON BREAKING GROUND

Dear Lord, we wing a very special prayer
 Because this day, with high hopes, we break ground;
 Bless craftsmen's hands that work with skill and care
 To shape our house of dreams, foursquare and sound.

Let the torn earth know we are but planting
 Brick, frame and glass to grow a home, and then,
 A picket fence 'round gardens quite enchanting
 So may the earth be comforted again.

Calm little birds that fly in frenzied fear
 When lumber crashes and the hammers ring,
 Assure them there will be a haven here
 For them to build next April's nests and sing.

Bread--blest and broken--so may this ground be
 Blest to our use, the breaking in His Name--
 The Master Craftsman, in humility,
 Dwelt in a small house, too, where loved ones came.

--O. U. Tzider--

How sad that power
 Corrupts
 What a bore to be
 Incorruptable

BITTER MOON

The bitter moon of spring is in the boughs
With sharper cold than any winter night
And tender unclothed leaves defenselessly
Retract and tremble in this cold gray light
New fresh buds betrayed by nature's whims
Blooming forth in hope but doomed to languish
Because of erratic spring crazy as a pinwheel
Like last year's leaves lying on the grass in anguish
The half-hearted effort of the sun has thinned
The tall grass waving sighing, dipping in the wind
The bird, too early north, is silent now
As if all hope had died within his throat
How far till summer cries the heart
And the answer is impossibly remote.

--Anon.--

REFORMED MISER

Once I kept each shining moment
Like a perfect pearl,
Safe in the jewel box of my mind.
And took it out and turned it when alone.
No one else could look at all these treasures
For they were wondrous droplets
And might deliquesce
Within a stranger's grasp.

Now, the lid cannot be lifted fast enough
To tumble them before your eyes
And hoping they will please your sight.
When I behold such beauty I no longer grasp it
For it dulls the lustre.
Unless you're there to share it
I hurt to see such dazzling all alone.

--Faculty wife--

SONNET

Goddess Minerva, wisdom of the name
 Met in combat for the choice of Paris
 With Sister Venus beauty in the main
 and Juno, all to the lad much harrassed
 Bitter wrangling for the choice of lovely
 Ruled by Heart instead of by this Thinking
 In spring, the sheep to him were not comely
 Nature's cup to him was passed for drinking.
 Who in life will condemn lad for striving
 to grasp a mate for dancing in the wood
 When nature tossed o'er him her dreggy blithing
 His young heart thought of women, all would.
 Now when spring fogs minds of we called modern
 Is there one to say that he shose wrongly?

--J. U.--

A CRITICAL POEM

Old ceremony has but one advantage clear,
 And that to act as props for well worn schools,
 Which lean like broken limbs upon a crutch,
 And would collapse if left to stand alone.

And there are those who sniffle softly through their nose
 When sons and daughters make their proud parade,
 To altar, or old alma mater
 And think the ends justify the means.

Put strip those vain and worthless charms
 And all the world would take to arms
 Which feeds on these unobvious harms.

However, criticize we must
 Or else we would get bored,
 For like the pie without the crust,
 A critic's life is shored.

--Anon.--

SPRING LOVE

The dreary days at last have turned to Spring
The snow that turns from white to rain has passed.
The chill of night has lost its biting sting.
The shuffling bees are now so free to pass
Amidst their friends with which they now can rest.
The bird in flight can now with peace alight,
To seek the gear he needs to build a nest;
Or else, to seek a mate with which to fight.
'Tis Spring at last, it has so oft been said,
That sends young hearts to flee about to seek
The love that in the winter seems so dead.
In spring love's fancy strikes the bold and meek.
It is a waste of love and strength I hear,
To save your love and strength for once a year.

--Adam Mann--

SONNET

At first that expanse seems bright and friendly
With the beams and rays all dancing down
Not specked--untouched--is that bit of eternity
Where the sparkling white abounds like a clown.
And then, slowly, irresistibly the spoilers intrude
Marring that blue with their blankets of gray
The quiet is darkened and changed in mood
Causing all peace and calm to decay.
Relentless the mass covers over the bright
While those below stand in awe of the haze
Fearing, wondering, marveling at the might
Yet remembering, recalling in their constant gaze
That similar spoilers once disfigured their domain
Seemingly to keep the beams from ever dancing again.

--Anon--

THOSE WHO HAVE A GENIUS

"... But those are qualifacations to which every body cannot pretend; and therefore none but those who have a genius for it should aspire at employment."

.....Application of Aesop

A bright red convertible, not new, but well polished, moved with skilled precision in and out of the boulevard traffic. It was just after noon and the mid-day sun was beating down on the palm lined drive, bathing the automobile in warmth and cheerfulness. But the doleful expression on the faces of the occupants of the car did not reflect the pleasure of the sunshine.

Crowded into the front seat of this convertible was a strange trio, marked however, by a common denominator, a blue uniform. They were sailors, and they were obviously on liberty for their hats shown white like halos around their heads, shoes, black, well polished, reflected images like the finest of mirrors, and the odor of "Frou Frou" would have made the proverbial French lady of ill repute jealous. All of these factors pointed to a gala occasion, but instead of animated gay conversation, each of the three was lost in introspection.

The sailor seated on the right was the most thoughtful of the group. Short and fat with a cook's rating badge on his arm, he seemed like a gnome, a disgruntled gnome. He turned to the sailor seated beside him. This one was by far the youngest of the group. "Don't feel bad Boots, it wasn't your fault."

This sentence of encouragement seemed to fall on deaf ears. The cook settled back into companionship with his own thoughts, "It wasn't the kids fault, damn Torgie and his wild ideas. It seemed like a good idea though. Take the kid and show him the world in one fast forty-eight hour liberty."

The steady thump of the wheels against the strips of tar between the concrete sections of the roadway reminded him of the clack of the train wheels the previous night, ... "that coach certainly was crowded....."

..... From the coiling fixtures, pools of light waded through the smoke to achieve reflected glory on the faces of the passengers of the coach car. These people were mostly soldiers and sailors with a small scattering of civilians. "It was night and the train ground its way toward the city; that wonderland of fun, lights, and girls. The steady hum of the wheels almost deadened by the heavy air seemed to rise in crescendo as the train sped on towards its destination.

Everyone was laughing and talking with hyper animation. The air was charged as in a nightclub with the exception, the laughter was not of the forced type indicative of boredom; but rather the pent up exuberance of men too long in each other's company.

Three sailors crowded into one coach seat had their heads close together in a heated discussion. Like a regular conversation in that it had its mountains and valleys, the laughing expectancy divorced it from the category of normal chatter. Three admirals planning a naval battle could not have been more intense.

"You take my identification card, Boots. It says that I'm twenty-two. God how I wish I were, but twenty-two or forty-two as it should have been, nobody ever asks for my card. I'm much too old to ever be queried as to whether I've reached my majority. That typographical error is the only complimentary thing that has been said or written about me since I joined this outfit. But, it'll serve a purpose. Do you think that you can pass off for twenty-two?"

"Sure he can pass for twenty-two, but do you think that he's ugly enough to look like that picture?"

The object of all this instruction was a young man, so young that he might very easily have had trouble passing for nineteen. In all probability he was just old enough to pass the minimum age requirements for enlistment. His light blonde hair fashioned in a crew cut did not help to heighten the estimation of his age. Instead, it increased the appearance of cleancut innocence.

"Why don't you guys lay off me, you might think I was a baby or something."

"You are a baby."

"Knock it off, Cookie," said the laconic member of the party: "You jabber worse than an old woman. We got plans to make. We'll be in the city soon. Now's the time to make them; not later."

The speaker was tall and dark. From his accent, you could tell that he was from the Middle West, and probably was of Scandinavian extraction. But his speech gave the only clue to his personality and background for all else was hidden behind a bland expression.

"Okay Torgie," said the Cook. "I'm sorry Boots. To reinforce my apology, I'll make a confession--I'm jealous. Before I joined this man's navy, I was an English teacher, an ~~being~~ English teacher. Has it never puzzled you as to why an old phoney like myself is in this outfit? I wouldn't have been drafted--I'm taking the Navy like an old man takes monkey glands. The paradox to this whole situation is that I joined this outfit to acquire youth through the experience of glory, while you, Boots, joined it to add age. And now will you do me one small favor: STOP CALLING ME COOKIE. My dear mother named me ED. Through the usual miscarriage of Naval justice, I was sent to cooking school, but, I don't have to submit to the supreme indignation of being called Cookie."

And the man with a cook's rating badge settled back in his seat with the air of a pouter pigeon.

Torgie leaned forward, "Let's see--when we get to the city, we rent a car--No! First, we'd better get to a hotel, clean up, then go to a barber-shop, get a meal, and then we rent a car and really go into action. Check?"

"You know Torgeson," said Ed, "you attack a liberty with the relish of an executioner. Must you always be so damned practical, it offends my aesthetic sensibilities--have you ever thought of running a bawdy house? With your lack of comprehension of the fine shading of modern social relationships and that crushing delivery, you could make a million."

"Nuts."

"Look," Boots said, as he shifted nervously in his seat, "I don't want to seem chicken, but I never tried to pick up a woman. I don't know what to do."

The cook leaned forward with a mock paternal air.

"My boy, we, that is Mr. Torgeson and myself, shall see that you're well taken care of. Without a doubt, we will insure that you shall have some gorgeous morsel as female companion. Our charm and savoir faire should more than compensate for your tender years. However, it might be best to stick to the darker bars. It's much more difficult to tell how old someone is in a half-lit room."

"And after you're half-lit, it won't make any difference. Haw! Faw! Haw!"

"Cut it out, both of you. Damnit, I can make out by myself. I can't be that much of a stone around your necks."

"Whoa, young one, we're only kidding. Take it easy."

As the train moved on toward the city, three sailors settled back into their seat, each lost in his own rose tinted dream. Torgie and the Cook had on their faces smiles of satisfaction, but the kid's expression was one of anticipation....

- ...Everything went according to plan, yeah plan! First liberty in two months and nothing to show for it but this damned fire engine."

"I'm sorry, fellas," said Boots.

The cook snapped from his reverie and returned to the present. He placed his arm half protectingly on the seat behind the kid.

"What could I do," Boots continued, "even though the bars were dark, those doorkeepers had flashlights, and I just don't look like that picture."

"Aw, forget it," Torgie replied. "We can still make out, this liberty ain't over yet."

But the awkward silence that followed didn't give the proper weight to his words. The two older men were discouraged and the young boy knew it. Torgie and the Cook exchanged glances. They both knew that it wasn't the kid's fault, but that did not remove the pangs of disappointment. As if to ease the grating edge of silence, Ed spoke:-

"She took me to her Elfin Grot,
And there she wept and sight full sore
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four."

"Who?"

"La Belle Dame Sans Merci."

"Huh?"

"In that last bar, so it wasn't exactly her wild wild eyes, but rather her big blabby mouth, and not exactly kisses four, just ten bucks."

(Please turn to Page 50)

TRITINGS

Plunked by the writer
The Silly Typewriter
Much of my own accord,
I banged like a whoreman
A very bad omen--
The People would say I was bored.

Drunk by the triter
And me as the writer
Thinking thoughts that should be explored,
Intellectual hoeman
Superficial drunk knowman
By whom do you think you're adored?

God damn it I answered
My thoughts have I transferred
From sordid and usual things.
My mind is in peace now
So I will release thou
The hell with your pride if it stings.

You know you have heard
That I have endured
Just barely, the money-waste flings,
The feel of your brow
Like a Fall River scow
So leave! and keep the damn rings.

She lowered her eyes
And showed her surprise
By weeping with sorrow-filled heart;
Oh darling, you're mine
(With woman's design)
Why try so to wrench us apart?

Her sex was so wise
That it did devise
To make my soul leap with a start;
I finished the line
And drank some more wine
And soon fell asleep on her heart.

--Localgenius--

DELIRIUM

Come up from the cellar, Maud,
With the large green jug,
For I've got the fire going
And it's warm here on the rug.

Tonight I'm drinking, too, Maud,
The stirrings tell me so,
The efforts slipping from me,
The feelings feeling no.

The world has grown too slim, Maud;
To think is--now--to fuss
And damning headlines tell, Maud,
A lack of things for us.

Last night I angered wrong, Maud,
You knew the thing to do;
Forgive me, Maud, and bring me
What makes the world seem true.

Come here and sit beside me,
Your warmth to speak the fire;
The world has shattered wrongly--
Just green and you require.

The world has...the world has...
The world...world...lost!
Yes--the world; bottle, you, Maud--
And who will count the cost?

--Brunius--

SPRING SONG

Spring! The lovely time of the year.
The flowers bloom, birds bring good cheer.
The world is filled with thoughts of love,
Down shines the sun from a blue sky above.
As once again the seasons switch,
I'm glad it's Spring, my woolies itch!

--AMR--

MOBISM

Distraction in the hands of man
He deals it out with either hand
He wields an ax and cares not where it lands if not on him
every crevice, every crack
are taught to bring his money back,
Mossy rubble every place
Rotten garbage tossed around
His ugly, too square house,
So practical, and ground
All torn and chopped
The last few trees all bow their heads
At the ways they are taught to serve
One hundred people pled "preserve!"
The next one laughs "Destroy!"
The cool clean sweet whoops
The graceful winding living things
Then comes man
The forest recks with his presence
He lacks a beauty sense
He cares not what others think
Thinks they should agree with
His vulgar self
He bears distraction in his hand
I close my eyes and I see god
He makes the forests clean, untrod
One hundred years of tender care
And then comes man
A head, a hand, an ax, then bare
distraction

Tommy Knight

WONDERLAND IN THE SKY

Beautiful moonbeams
Playing in the clouds up high
Delicate fingers
Floating palaces in the sky
Mistily night gleams
While the moon is wanpering high
And all this painted
By the moons glow

Tommy Knight

THE CITY OF TRUTH

TRUTH'S BEACON LIGHT WILL SHINE THROUGH LIVES
FRAIL STATUES

Its not a plain white block son
Its a simple streamlined majestic building
Look at that beautiful straight line
So similar to all the other beautiful straight lines
Isn't man something to be able to make so many big and
noble things
"It's not as big as Dunderberg."
There isn't any Dunderberg
Where do you think this god damn rock comes from
Look at that car
Isn't man wonderful
Just think-one million cars, and all the same.
"There are more stars overhead"
But they are not so uniform.
Soon will many buildings be
Built all alike where stands that tree.
Where ugly ancient buildings stand
Will be beautiful streamlined blocks
So beautiful and uniform.
"I liked those interesting old buildings"
Yes this is an expanding city
We'll spread across the wastelands
"The virgin beech forrest?"
We'll spread through the swamp
"And kill all the wild ducks?"
What good are wild ducks?
Man develops fat ducks-all plump and uniform
We'll dam the great river
Then we'll have great power.
We'll make giant playgrounds.
Many people will swim there
We'll have armings for trees
We'll have our lights for sunshine
And target ducks for wild game
And hot dog stands where people stuff hot dogs in their
belly
"I like the old course which winds through the trees
And the wild uncaged force of the river and breeze"
This is a new world son
Where man is in harmony with man

See the unity of Factory feet-marching rhythmically down the street

No mass of minds so like the one since the world began

They laugh the same, they play the same,

They dress expensively alike.

I see them now on Christman Day

A Santa Clause on every corner

They dress in red and blue and orange

The children gangs gather curiously around

Then raspingly laugh among themselves 'Santa Clause'

Smart minds-their private little joke

You don't see them falling for of that department store add
huey.

"But Christmas spirit. Thats the cause"

There isn't any Santa Clause.

Now Easter comes - Now laughs a yeg.

'Johnny hunted easter eggs'

'The corner theatre', sneers a goon, 'is showing nursery rhyme
cartoons'

"Thanksgiving Day - and we shall have snow - Over the river
and through the woods,

To Grandmothers house we'll go"

Hoodlens running through the town

Knock old Granny down

"Then I was young I used to look for 4 leaf clovers on the
hill"

Get the nature boy - they sell them at the corner store.

"But I don't want to steal the tool"

Be a sport you silly fool - they teach you that in Sunday
School.

"Holoween - for parties - fairy tales"

'Baby stuff. I had a good bang war!

'I smashed the window of Levys Corner Store.

"I went to church on Ash "Wednesday"

A simple pagan ritual and simple pagan creed.

Do you not know that man is merely a complex machine.

Action patterns running over billion switches

Reason just addition of previous experience.

Emotion merely chemical reaction of secretion from petuitary
glands.

There isn't any Santa Claus - Jack Frost - never heard the
name,

don't know of pictures on the pain - By a mountain on a
river sat a

queg o all a quiver all a shake all a shiver - 'Thats a queggo

(Continued)

Why a quiver - Hows that change the price of liver.
Say, what kind of stupid fools - would bother filling
Riticules
The monster never saw the land
How could he ever understand?

LINDEN HILL

Home again where sleep is quiet and deep
Where the wind swirls over the hill
It shakes the linden, the fir, the shaggy locusts,
The wide skirted maple and old red cedar.
The Lindens sing and toss
you, close your eyes as you lie in the hammock
And as it is gently tossed by the wind
You feel as if you were sailing far away
The wind miles over filled with the fragrant sent of
Boxwood
From the hill you can see Rambling old farms,
Rolling hills, patches of woods, rivers and mountains
stretching off into the blue distance
You strole over the hill and down the lane
Past the moss roofed ice house to a
Spring house and a stream
A fresh cool smell of mint drifts
Through the breene from the crisp mass
of Bright green mint standing beside
The swiftly flowing stream,
You look up the hill toward the grey leaning barn
You see a road of ruby red clay
The fields on either side are clear blue with chickory

BLUE DRUID MARCH

A hazy mist that suddenly appears and silently steals
away
And with the mist a noiseless line of blue moves with
easy flowing motion
Grey blue jackets, grey blue caps-beard and face with
a grey blue tint
Dignified step and solemn faces march in the early morn
They pass as if on some urgent mission
A little gust of wind and the mist lifts
A little ripple of blue as a rock thrown into silent
pool
And the druids vanish

Composition Of A Spring Evening

Look for beauty, and pleasure will soon follow
Springs lacy fern frond, hazy still moon, hollow
Where the wan moon shone, roan mule whicker, swallow
Call from moonlight pools, ornate caves and little grottoes
in the brier
From where soggy ground and little pools shine silver, lacy
Prongs of silver sage.
Young willows bending over
Meadow grass and c lover.
Fond memories of an earlier age.

The Far Off Ships That Sail Upon The Sea

The winds blow free
And always sweeping out before,
I see the sea.
The Crow calls faint upon the plain.
From the sleepy tree
Flows a sleepy shade.
All's quiet,
Now ships glide silently across
An aqua sea.

They are from nowhere,
Going nowhere.
Time calls
And now I sit beneath a different tree.
Yet still I see
In my memory
The ships that glide upon the sea.
They come and go eternally.
They are from nowhere,
Going nowhere.

T. Knight

RHYME IN LOW

Gamboling down the Ugra Ugra Booby Bugza
Ugh, mudder, boor, big, pig, hog, Ug.
Gotta have ma boot let from da lug
Whose houze is full of broods of bug.
His earthy yarl had logs to loud.
They puff and pull and give their ropes a tug.
Round back there is a chikken bog
And wallow hollow for da hog
Filled up wop mud wot smuggy fog.
Walking now wot goulders¹ bowed,
Da clouds go scushy splatter sog.
Mud beetle brown and brutal mug,
Mud lazy fog and goulders² shrug.
Da grey above a dirty rug;
Da day now weirs ot as a shroud.
Mars, da evening star has dug
A grave - now raves wot eyes arog,
His prison hile we aught to flog,
He hopes to get some good eignog
By brouzing 'bout; da stupid to³.
Da bad hungs a soaky smog.
The blood of day now stops its throbs
Da smokey stumached dove now sob,
Now mourning, shedding salty robs.
But now hear their loud guffars.
Da mourner's now da graves will rob.
Now wasn't day an awful fool
To have his friends amond da ghoul?
Da garden house has food in bowls
For den - now limply as a rag
Da day folk's up, da shoulders sag,
Da head upon da back will nod.
De damp drear comes a gumbo flood.
De dark will heave and belch out gloom;
And leaden flood; and seasick moon,
Pale and sickly fainting guber,
Grusom drunkard in a stuper,
A flounder eating glue, a grouper
Floating bloated belly upper,

1 and 2 pronounced like a French g

3 - an atmosphere between smoke and fog

Scaley mouldy fungus under,
Or dizzy totters first cigar,
Or puff on bubbling boiling hooka,
Gurgling gargling frothing bowl
Double coiling tubes and hoze
Snakelike winding rancid stench,
Sucking stale and rancid smoke.
On compost garbage refuse heap
Of full and sagging stagnant cloud
A ridged riggermortis rabbit
Of a ghastly gloomy moon does lie.
The heavy headed cloud a drunkard,
Dizzy, holding moorshaft for support,
Rumpled beggy slept in clothes
Soaked in saturated, vomit run
Is cloud loked in the close and humid air.
But old and grimey rugged hands
Of the beer plunge down in soil,
Make produce the pregnant season,
Spread the dun the mule ejects,
Heave da shovel and the hoe
From da rung whar dey was hung,
Hurd da cow, condem da mole,
Potatoes in da soil fold,
Da weedy ginny splothced front yard
Ware damp and ginny shaded dew would mould.
Da rude, pug ugly jesters play
Down on da jackass flops all day.
Da donkey sounds his rasping bray.
Da carrion crows now crows dere caw.
Da ugly yearling seeks his maw.
Delappadated, lice filled nests
Hold guey, worm filled eggs.
Da festered scars of cows picked raw
Where da maggot likes ta crawl.
Da oily slick on streams will hold
Poluted dogs and waders bold.
Da lazy buzzard loves ta eat
The bulding eyes and wormy meat.
It takes a shrewd old buzzard wizzard
To find the pea green rancid gizzard.
Overhead the buzzards swing in lazy buzzard circle naps,
Neck plucked skin in greasy laps,
Feathers ruffled. Grotesque feet
Claw awkward for mag or meat.
Sows and hogs now eat their fill
But muchworms eat the piggies swill

The clods now come to eat their food
Dey like dere barnyard scrapple stewed
Da grass is growed - da lawn in mowed.
Da wind will boom-da flower will bloom.
Grandma sits weaving at her loom.
On dem the clod will form an ode.
Da boy is rude, his brother's lude
And often goes out in da nude.
Bare toes ooze da ginny blotch,
He flubs ot orf, ot ussent much.
Round da mana crowds her brood.
In da meadow Paw's wid laud.
She, da ground in anger paid.
She must have her grass, and chud
Her cud - Paw hollered lawd.
The fued the children all ablaws
Which puts Paw in an awful mood
Wow rough¹, he wop um raw.
Dare nose they blowed, den water drowed
To wash their ugly gnarled hand
And scrub their smudgy pudgy pan.
On a soggy log paw stood
And vowed dey'd ne'er again be rude
Paw you'll yawn in da lazy yard.
Da children thought that mandy
ught to throw them out some fly stained candy.
Yeow, bop, flub, club, boz, glub
Now between da children is a rub.
Haw gets hub a fliby flaby strop
So he may klot and wop.
But Paw lug ed up a log of wood
And beet the brats the best he could.
Now da nigger'd goad a jug
Of rum and plaster on a load
Dub un dumb us woman he'd hug
And give his brodder hawf a plug
O' us good tobacco - hawf a chaw.
He'd later rob a ginny pen,
Den down he'd flop and dun by gad
He would go mad which was quite sad
He'd die and now it us da fad
Ta bury um beneath da sod
Where da shody mule will trod.

1 - rhymes with bough

REMEMBER THEM

Many of our fighting men are dead
Each died with nonchalance.
They'd denied it being called courage
But rather simply lack of fear
And disregard for the triumph.
If war bought anything of good
It shouldn't be measured in battles won
Nor pages that historians will write
Rather in youth of our country
Who never did believe in war
But who did from some hidden source
Bring gallantry homespun, so real!
Take these services indifferently,
Will be cruelest ingratitude.

--Anna Flowers--

POEM

How hard we press ourselves to trifling deeds,
And miss the point completely, I have read,
But trifles make perfection, it is said,
And who are we to smite the hand that feeds.
'Tis sure a mixed up world they have, we say,
A paradise for fools who wander round,
To ponder problems thoroughly unsound,
Then speak like solemn asses when they bray.

And like this, minds divide with equal hate,
To outdo rather than some point to prove,
And stifle those who have, perhaps, some tact.
But then, what man could prove this would be fate,
For one would need a fact with which to move,
And mother is opinion to a fact.

--Anon.--

LACROSSE ODYSSEY

CANTO I

Helmets, bags, sticks, and ball-
Topcoats, textbooks-guess that's all.
But where do we put the players?
Why, stack 'em in-in layers!

CANTO II

'Tis but a jaunt of three hundred miles.
The way? Who cares? We've met harder trials.
Embark!
Let's go!
But where is Clark?
He said at ten-it's nearly dark!

CANTO III

Finally we're on our way-
Stacked three by three and here we lay,
For many a mile
C'mon mon-smile!

CANTO IV

It won't be long-we're on the track.
Hey there, Sport, get off my back!
Will the agitation never cease?
Will my clothes regain their crease?

CANTO V

This game was only part of the fun-
We'd have liked it better if we had won!
We did our best for W.J.
But what is the price of victory?

--Anon.--

DEPRESSION

The clouds persist in covering all,
 The sun cares not for aching breasts,
 That yearn to feel a ray so small,
 In preference to the cool unrest.

Engulfing all, permitting few
 To feel the warmth of beaming light.
 The choking mist and absent hue
 Denotes its kinship to the night.

PIECES

Years have passed and still the spring declines
 To enter and to rouse these frigid days.
 To bring the soft breeze singing in the pines
 And bake the earth with warm engulfing rays.

Hidden by an endless stream of clouds
 I can't recall when sunlight shone for long.
 It's here, it's gone.

--Anon.--

SONNET - DESPAIR

My soul may be forever damned in Hell;
 My thoughts and evil ways deserve no less;
 I cannot say I've served my purpose well;
 I cannot lie and say I've done my best.
 But God created many worse than I,
 Who never worshipped him - as so I strive,
 And yet, I know if now I were to die
 He'd find my virtues selfish while alive.
 Someday I hope to find a guiding lane
 That leads me on to do my job on earth,
 And detours by the consciousness of pain
 And gives me chance to prove to God my worth.
 But every time I think I'm saved of late;
 My faith is crumbled by cruel blows of Fate.

--T. Sharretts Lindsay

ON THE FAITH OF A CHILD

The car came speeding down the road-
She watched it swerve and careen
And then she turned with tortured cry
At the sight that she had seen.

Her little brown, be-speckled dog
Had been playing in the street.
And the car had thrown his lifeless form
On the pavement at her feet.

She knelt beside the bloody ball
And said these words of prayer,
"Oh, God take him to Heaven now
And make him happy there."

And hearing thus those childish words
Made me wiser then to know
That surely God has a Heaven, too
Where all good dogs will go.

--T. Sharretts Lindsay--

EDUCATION

Sitting round the master's desk
The realm of education passes on
Our students silently in their chairs do rest
Listening to what the master speaks upon.

No matter what our view may be
The learner must constantly be content
In the wording of the master's "We"
Agree with them or humbly repent.

And as the years of education passes
Little learning is the action
If we must progress and pass
All one gets is their indoctrination.

---R. McGran---

TO TELEVISION

At night when lights are turned down low
And all the world's at rest
I think at last, I've reached the time.
The time that I love best.

I like to lay in bed and dream
Or sit with friends and chat;
To live life-night life-home life,
And nothing more than that.

But no, the new invention
No longer lets me be.
For now I'm forced to linger
And watch the damn T.V.

It compels one's eyes to rest on it.
It keeps a steady gaze.
And no matter what you want to do
You see fights, musicals and plays.

No one says, "Stay your needed."
No one says, "Be a pal."
No one tells you to sit and watch
Each stupid musicale.

You need no hasty urgency.
You need no pleading plea.
Your eyes alone keep you there;
The rest of you would flee.

Two pair of shining, hypnotic orbs
Focused, tuned in, and clear
Will watch each moving figure
While you're wondering why you're here.

Milton Berle is certainly stupid.
Ed Wyn; there's nothing worse.
And the plays are terribly amateur,
But what will break this curse?

I've pleaded for God to save me
From vice and apathy.
Now I'm asking for a special prayer:
Please save me from T.V.

--T. Sharretts Lindsay--

ANTHROPOMORPHISM

Some say that man created God
But I, for one, am forced to disagree,
For all we have to do is look about
And all of his great natural wonders see.

We see the forests, streams, and hills
Lach in their designated realm;
Could puny man with all his intellect
Create these things if he were at the helm?

For those that say that man created God
I'll say they have a point and leave it there,
But wait! From every distant jungle tribe
I seem to hear the murmur of a prayer.

O Father, Lord, O Master, hear our plea.
We are but young and do not know Thy ways,
And bits of stone and wood before us lay.
O gracious Father, lead us through the maze.

--Ed Ryle--

LINES WRITTEN IN A PHILOSOPHY
CLASS

It's hard to realize the sun will shine
In its accustomed way when we are gone,
And who can say for sure that it does not.
When we are gone the ploughman still does plough,
The baker makes and sells his loaves of bread.
It's sad to think that we pass through this world
And leave behind us nothing when we're dead.

--Ed Ryle--

THE END

The fox doth fall from his lofty perch
In the midst of the hounds among the birch.
The fox is thrown about for pleasure
For the hounds have run their measure.

--Adam Mann--

BUILDING

An old man traveling a lone highway
Came at the evening cold and gray,
To a chasm vast and deep and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
For the sullen stream had no fear for him,
But he turned when safe on the other side.
And builded a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man", cried a fellow pilgrim near
"You're wasting your time in building here.
Your journey will end with the closing day;
You never again will pass this way.
You have crossed ~~the~~ chasm deep and wide
Why build you this bridge at even-tide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head:
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose foot must pass this way,
This stream which has been as naught to me,
To that fair-haired youth may pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building that bridge for him."

--Henry--

THE OLD PATH

I traveled the old path again today,
The path I had traveled for years,
At times with a heart overflowing with joy-
At times with my eyes filled with tears

The old path seemed to mock me today
As I struggled through briars and woods
For today I realized as never before
There is no place where the old path leads.
It is just another path in my life
That has now grown up into woods.

-- Henry--

FEMALE

She smiles and beauty brightens
Those lovely deep-brown eyes.
She speaks and action heightens
To swiftly die in sighs.
Clearest, sculptured features
Seem a blend of Grecian arts,
And make us mortal creatures
Fair game to lose our hearts.
Modest, gracious, charming
With a lilting, merry walk--
So tremendously disarming
Can be her gay small-talk
I'd wish to share my every hour
Apart with this delightful flow'r!

SONNET

To the Chestertown Volunteer Fire Company
and dedicated to -- Richard Peters

For one and all the bell does call again
As from each house in town the men do run
Toward the sound that wakes and scares with cries.
Into the night the volunteers must go
To fight the rage of fires flames once more,
Or save a life so useless to the world;
Yet still a life which to someone is dear.
The tragedy of gutted homes is known
Throughout this noble universe of ours
But little can we do about this thing;
It's up to those who sign, to fight the blaze
That menaces the property of all--
So go these many gallant volunteers
And quiet down the flames, the cries, the fears.

--anon--

ODE

Sunset?
Evening star!
It's a bet
I'll find a bar.

-- Smoke Hound --

LAMENT OF A FIREMAN'S SWEETHEART

The night is clear, the moon is full-
I feel my lover's presence near.
I bask in glory and content-
Then suddenly, what is that I hear?

A wail cuts through the virgin calm-
Tranquility can be no more-
My lover looks up from my arms-
My eyes to him plead and implore.

Oh, please dear love don't leave me now-
But I cease then to inspire-
For my night is ruined - my love has fled-
He's off to fight a fire!

-- T. Sharretts Lindsay --

COMMITMENT - SONG OF A CYNIC

To commit yourself is useless-
To lie is quite divine.
Never try to stress the truth-
Your feelings keep confined.

Lock up those inmost wishes-
Keep no lock - nor key.
Make sure that no one enters-
To no one truthful be.

Keep the heart imprisoned-
And never let it see-
The pathetic life of other hearts-
And guard it not to flee.

If ever your confronted-
With love, or truth in life-
Keep down divine sensations-
And be first to wield the knife.

No - never let commitment-
From your lips come forth-
And never let tomorrow-
Fool you with its worth.

For today is but tomorrow-
And our work is all in vain-
For no matter how we strive to right-
The wrongs will come again.

--T. Sharretts Lindsay--

A FOPEST

Stately woods and streams rushed wild
Seem tranquil since all ages past,
But yet beneath this quiet repast
Surge olden wars and acts reviled.
Men of red 'gainst men of white
Fought and died midst Nature's beauty;
Exalted ideas and line of duty
Stained black the work of truest might.
Death and ruin soon disappear
Broken boughs are healed again,
And blood wash'd streams run free;
But still these evils cling too clear,
And to earth's own mind remain
Ere mark'd for Her to see.

--Anon.--

TOO LATE

Whenever we look up
We fail to express
What He does so often bless
Whenever we look up.
We seek only in turbulent times
The long sought after salvation
But as days quietly slip by
We want evaluation
Instead of predestination, by Him so Divine.

Thus the ways of man continue
One that wayward evil way
That will only cease and there he will lay
Pleading to Him for forgiveness that was due.

--R. McGran--

AFTERMATH

-- John R. Althouse

The individual mind often cannot comprehend what each individual maneuver has to do with the over-all picture of war. And since war is hell, its Dantesque characteristic is that of confusion. Commonly enough, the purpose of their mission still remained unknown to them. Perhaps the fulfillment of the task would reveal its objective. The two uniformed figures appeared fresh even though it had been a steady climb since late afternoon. They proceeded along the ascending trail at an even pace never glancing behind or below. The air was a warm, serene kind that reminded one of an August evening. Reluctantly they stopped to rest.

"Ed, where did you say you're from?"

"Indiana, Easterly, Indiana. I've lived there most of my life. I never had the desire to leave town and never actually did until this. I received all my education in Easterly even my college education. I was graduated from Davis Institute of Technology after five years ... long, difficult years of intensive study but it was worth every day of it. George, didn't you tell me that you were a resident of New York? I've always wanted to visit there. Tell me about it."

Before the other could answer, they were moving again since time seemed to be the paramount factor. The way became steeper but the atmosphere was invigorating. At these heights an iridescent haze brightened the darkness and high above them the purple sky was tinged with pink indicating that the long night was nearly spent. They paused, showing signs of some fatigue now.

"So you're a college grad, Ed", George sighed with heavier than usual breathing.

"Yes, I am. But tell me about New York."

"Aw, it's like any other town ... I know ... I've been around alot. It's like your Easterly, Indiana. New York can be as hard as nails and sometimes it is. But just as often it can be nice and friendly. A town is like a man. When this man uses his head he's easy to get along with. But sometimes he forgets about brains jumps to conclusions, and gets mean. The smart guy can stir him up all the more and make him do things he'd normally be ashamed to do. Then put thousands of these people together who are all

riled up and they're like a herd of cattle running wild. They do some pretty awful things. But I'm not telling you much about New York, am I?"

They moved on again as if they were maintaining a schedule narrowed down to seconds. The trail became more torturous and to keep a steady pace became a strenuous task. They rested more frequently.

"What'd you take up in college, Ed?", George gasped.

"Hydrogen, nuclear fission, and electronics were the major requisites of the curriculum. Anyone can see that they are essential and I wouldn't have missed them for the world ... Not For The World. I felt that such an education is necessary in order for a person to adjust himself to the times. You know, George, the strides that science has taken in the last few years are unbelievable ... first the Atomic Bomb and now the Hydrogen Bomb, ten times more efficient!

"Well, Ed", George interrupted with contempt and strains of hatred in his voice, "All I remember about that science stuff, is what the inventor of the telegraph said. What was it ... ?"

Again they were straining and pulling themselves over an increasingly steeper and rougher trail. They pushed out of a dusky air toward the light of a sunrise. Their eyes seemed to be riveted ahead as if a glance at the depths below would make them dizzy and nauseated. A long night's climb had put them almost to the summit; a cooling breeze soothed their fatigued and bruised bodies during another brief pause.

"Wish I could remember what that guy said about the telegraph", George breathed in an almost inaudible tone. "Aw well, I never was good at remembering stuff out of books. Much rather work with my hands anyway."

"I certainly would not", retorted Ed. "I was accustomed to working on a problem night and day down at the laboratory ... and I enjoyed the work immensely. It was my very life until this mess came along. Before I left, I was working on something really fine ... it's top secret and our corporation was always strictly censored ... but I can tell you this ... any weapon is a peashooter beside this gadget!"

(Continued to page 53)

THE LIVING DEAD

Have you ever seen the land of the living dead? I have. Have you ever walked among non-confined creatures that know not what week, nor even what month it is? In this part of town, if it would be possible, men would sell their souls for an amber liquid called "smoke".

Why I ever came to this part of town, especially on foot, I will never know. Maybe it was because I was drinking too much myself to realize how far I was walking along these filthy streets. Sightseeing buses cruise through these streets with the passengers possessing granite smiles. Taxis hustle through this section of town as if long term members of Carville were chasing them.

It was in this section of the city I met "Red". He said that his name was "Red" and who was I to dispute him? I was drinking beer in Sammy's Bovey Follies about two days before Christmas in 1948 when "Red" came weaving up to the bar near me. He plunked down a dime and ordered a glass of "smoke". As he "sucked up" the local "opium" he grew more talkative and gleeful. The bartender came up and asked if I wanted him tossed out, but I replied that as long as he was'n't bothering anyone else, I didn't mind his talk. As he rambled on, in more of a world of his own, I listened and discovered that his grammar was better than average and his choice of words a great deal better than mine.

The bartender took away my empty bottle and as I ordered another bottle of beer I asked for "Red" since the bartender seemed to know him. He replied that "Red" used to be a doctor in Los Angeles, California, but he had woman trouble.

"I guess", the bartender said, "his wife just up and walked out. He hasn't heard nor seen her since. That was over a year ago".

I watched "Red" as he drained his glass. He smiled at the bartender and asked for another beer. The bartender stood, smiled back, and asked about money. "Red" fumbled in his pockets, looked here and there much the same as a small child who has lost a precious toy. At last he gave up and realized that his hoax was waning. "Red" didn't put the "thumb" on me; maybe pride held him back; most likely he knew the bartender would put him out in the cold, snowy streets if he had. "Red" just looked at me with the eyes of a dog waiting for a bone. The bartender glanced my way as I nodded my head.

"What the hell", I thought to myself. "Christmas is two days

away; I may as well keep him happy as let him suffer from lack of the stuff."

The barkeep came back with the foaming glass; 'Red's' eyes grew wide with anticipation. He turned his head and nodded it in appreciation. I nodded my head in reply to 'Red,' but I said nothing.

We both drank in silence for awhile. Then he asked, "Young man, where are you bound for on such a snowy afternoon?"

I replied that I was going home for Christmas.

"Christmas?" he looked up startled. "My, just the other day it was the Fourth of July."

I said nothing, but glanced at some of the other patrons; some were a little better off than 'Red', but the majority were worse off. I could see 'Red' trying rather hard to get his bearings, for his face had a deep frown, and he was using his fingers to account for something. Presently he looked up and said brightly, "Yes, Christmas is just a few days off."

I left 'Red' that snowy December afternoon with a fifty-cent piece. I told him to buy a meal; and he said he would; but I knew in my heart he would buy a bottle of cheap wine to help the winter night pass faster.

He never entered my mind again until a few weeks ago. I was passing through New York, so I decided to return to 'Sammy's' on the Bowery and inquire about 'Red'. At first the barkeep didn't know of whom I was talking, but as I explained the details and time, and that 'Red' was supposed to have been a physician from Los Angeles, his face lighted up. "Oh," said the bartender, "that bum!" He leered, "He died last summer; seems he got to drinking rubbing alcohol and it froze his guts. Yeh, he was quite a mess when they found him."

I drank in silence for awhile and watched the other 'Red's' slowly shuffle up and down Third Avenue. They were all about the same--just living dead. If possible, I believe they would have sold their souls for a drink. I picked up my change from the bar, made my way to the elevated station and returned to the living in Times Square.

--Philip Leadbetter--

QUESTIONS

Upon: Lines--Tintern Abbey

Soul scorched with nature's wild release
 When youth bloomed as the rose,
 From lengthy strolls in Welshland's crease
 To Annette's sweet repose...

Did thou chide thee for thy passion
 As experience took its toll,
 And did thou oft in fancy, fashion
 Thy past times of life so bold?

The flame by needs requests the spark...
 Why didst thou e'er forget
 That lovely talents grow so dark
 When subjected to regret?

O scion of Romantic splendor,
 Why didst thou not further render?

ANSWER

(by the same author)

'Tis age that brought to thee the change,
 Understanding physic's range.
 My thanks to you for the address
 Which brings my mind this youthful rest...
 And I'm much wiser, realizing,
 Throughout life, my soul is rising.
 'Till upon the day I'm buried
 I will see that life UNHURRIED.

--Wildgoose's cousin--

FOR STEVE

Earley, smearley, girley, whirly
 Swissy, missy, kissy, wissy,
 Kaysey, waysey, saysey--
 AVALANCHE!

THE DISTORTED VILLAGE

Sweet Amber! loveliest village of the wilderness
Where pale and wan we are jeered by laughing books,
Where smiling spring comes not when winter's past,
And parting summer cannot wait to leave:
How often have I loitered o'er thy green
And thought of happiness across the bay.
How often have I paused in work and gazed
O'er thy brown earth where mud so often lay;
Thy trees, thy garlic, thy ivy-covered walls,
Thy splintering steps and human-deserted halls,
Thy river, polluted as, of course it has to be,
With life at stake when wont to swim in thee.
Thy brick-bedecked walks o'er which we trip,
Thy Bird, thy Ranch where student cannot sip.
How often have I wished to be refreshed, but see
What one suspension can but do to me.
Thy bushes and thy grass with bodies strewn,
Thy buildings by the pioneers were hewn.

Sweet Amber! home of many will-less souls,
No shelter from the liquid wind which blows
And sunshine streaming down in torrents is more
Than any one with mind would bargain for.
Thy halls in which we sup and take of drink,
So undistilled that we are wont to think it must be ink.
The coin of which the student has so small amount
Is gone before the wind which takes its count;
Oh! in this lifeless land east of the bay,
The fools who come to learn remain to pay!
How could one inclined to brain enforce his magic power
By listening to one so uninclined for an hour?
Ah! had I but heeded wiser words, this fate
Could not have befallen me, but t's too late
To moan about intangible "could have been,"
A soul with mind so distant cannot win.

Put these wise words I leave to thee today,
Stay back when heeded by one who tries to say,
You will repent the time you crossed the bay.

--Texas, Un huh!--

STORY

"...I want it made plain
That everybody gets on that train."

There were fingerprints in the butter. The man left the table and walked to the open door, thinking about the butter, the marks, and the fingers that had carelessly made them. The woman looked up from the stove where she was cooking.

Where ya goin.

Nowhere. He leaned against the doorjamb.

Suppers ready.

Um.

Aintcha hungry.

He slouched in the doorway, not answering, slack and listless, wondering why the butter bothered him now after...a human sound drifting across the fields made him conscious of the house half a mile down the dusty road. Old Hoskins who once paid me a sack of cornmeal for a days work...Hoskinflint...HO! SKINFLINT! Beyond Hoskinses the road passed the church and then the tavern. The tave-n was two miles away. He tried to picture it in his eye's mind the inside of the tavern... sun not down yet...too early for much of a crowd...still, it might be better. He turned the idea back and forth and rejected it. Flies crawled through the holes in the screen and flew toward the table. Flyspecks on fingerprints. Flingerfyspreckpints. The woman began crying...

Shit!

As he stepped over the fallen fence he heard her call to him. He walked faster, then slower so his mind could catch up, studying his long shadow as it fell away to the east, lining the ditch, leaping from the ground to telegraph poles and to the ground again; as it undulated seasickening over the washedout fields. He felt he had walked for hours. He looked back at the house and was startled by its nearness. The woman had lit the lamp and was sitting at the table, her plate pushed aside and her head in its place. The flickering

flame and the shaking shoulders disturbed him. Then the flame flared and smoked the chimney and he couldn't see any more. He went on. The Hoskinses had gathered their evening meal to themselves and had gathered together on the porch which they gathered about themselves. They watched the man on the road.

It's Hale.

Yes.

He came closer. As he passed the house Hoskins called.

Hallo Hale.

Hallo.

Goin to church?

Humble.

What'd he say?

I dunno.

Wednesday prayer meeting night. What's Hoskins care... whynt he go... take a cup of cornmeal... the sacrament, with water. The road dipped to a stream. He stopped on the bridge and urinated heavily into the water, standing a little while to watch the bubbles float away on the sunlit twilight moonlit already muddy-pisscolored water. And the minnows. Then he went on. Up the road in front of the oilit church. Organ music started and a hymn started: faint with gathering volume as the Methodists sing. As Hoskins gath... can we find a friend so faithful who will all our sorrows bear... sorrow always friendly to the bareassed faithful... you need never be discouraged, take it to the Lord in prayer... the Monkyward lord in Searsroebucks basement... take it, Lord... have you trials and temptations? is there trouble anywhere... trials trumptions and troubles in darkness or in rain... Jesus Savior still our refuge, you will find a solace there... by God I WILL OUTRUN IT...

The hymn petered out, as Methodists do. He reached

the tavern and waited for his breath. To hell with his mind. That's the point. He walked in the tavern did a few steps of chicken rag pinched the idiot barmaid on the behind put a nickel in the jukebox laid a halfdollar on the bar for five droughts slapped one of the four men on the back laughed like a fool and stayed until dawn.

--Lee Blom--

MARCH

Long days of rain, long days of dusk that mourn
Not with the weary dignity of fall
When summer comfort's still within recall
But lost between seasons, yearning and forlorn
With agony of great winds racked and torn,
In skeletal profusion where the tall
Dead drenched grasses stand, of summer born.
In some warm corner, in some sheltered spot,
Green knives of spring have pierced the sodden earth.
Clustering, bug-like budlets swell and dot,
A squat stalk, green as no known green can be,
Shyly green, green in hope that lives to see,
April's first hyacinth in glorious birth.

--Annarundel yaller hound dawg--

SPRING

When Spring has come among the fruit tree tops
And orchards bloom again in pink and white
The Earth's reborn and breathes within the copse
Where subtly each creature would incite
To serve as Persephone's acolyte
When she goes past bound up from Pluto's lair
Released by him for one more homeward flight
Through springtide's warming and salubrious air.
Some few months hence will find the trees grown bare,
And Earth so late alive, laid low in death
Will silently await the chance to wear
Once more the green at Nature's shibboleth.
But as for me, I gladly would forgo
The spring presaging Summer's heat for snow.

--Anon.--

NIGHT STORM

The Saytr sun was boiling high;
The Golden mass winked in the blue
And told the sea a careful lie
Which stirred the virgin waves anew.

And up the path of tempting rays
The eager little droplets came
And gathered in a fleecy daze
Blind and lost 'mid orange flame.

But soon her suitor hid from sight
Beneath the line where sea meets sky.
She pouted blackly in the night
And blew a trembling wrathful sigh.

With flashing light she sought her home,
And far below her sisters call.
Seduced and lonely for the foam,
She weeps and teardrops fall.

- Champ-

INDICISION

A wandering road leads before my eyes.
The obstacles are many in my path.
To gain my goal I must be very wise,
Watch o'er my steps to not unearth God's wrath.

A pity that a man must waste his time
In idle speculation far and near,
And yet they deem pursuits of History fine
For making incidents of present clear.
My mind revolts, and fixates on the hour
When every project brings a statley fee.
It's true, I'm not content with praiseonly,
Consisting of the grades, A,B,C,
Too late, I've made my choice, it must suffice-
I guess there's nothing that could more entice.

- Anno-

To Leo
Blom goes with "slum"
(I ain't so dumb)

Ezra Pound

BITTERSWEET

The sullen night coils about me
 As I walk alone,
 Stifling me with the whispering
 Of your heart.
 Where is the day we knew?
 Where the languishing noons
 When we watched palms
 Carelessly etching jagged wounds
 In the future.

The beer and Strauss on Sunday mornings,
 The smell of your body wet from the sea.
 The little chapel where we found
 Peace in the midst of war
 (And war in the midst of peace).

In the cool mist I feel
 The touch of your soft hands on my face.
 Burning with past remembrances.
 Where are you?
 You are not with me -
 You are me,
 Blessing and cursing our timelessness

Across the valley
 A sharp sinous ridge
 Knives into the lowering sky,
 Cleaving night from day,
 And hope from desolation.

In my heart
 A flaming torch
 Welds the past into the present
 Searing jagged wounds to numbness.

I turn and ~~kiss~~
 The wet ghost of you beside me.

--Anon.--

TO--

Oh, skinny man, I love you dear-
 But why, I'll never know-
 I always seem to be alone-
 Every place we go!

T. Sharrotts Lindsay

HEMIDEMISENIQUAVERSPART THE FIRST, OR THE HAGEOGRAPHIA OF EDUCATION

* First part of the first part; courses at the University of Maryland, Summer, 1950:

" Technology of Fruits "

" Technology of Ornamentals "

" World Fruits and Nuts "

* Second part of the first part; his master's voice

" If High school A has a total of 100 students and High school B has a total of 50, then A has twice as man students as B. "

" The basic cause of misspelled words is poor spellers. "

" Windows are necessary in the classroom to allow sufficient lighting. "

" There are three types of school buildings; fast-burning slow-burning, and fireproof. "

" You may or may not be familiar with books. "

" If you have a problem child, what you really have is a child with a problem. "

" All the American colonies were not settled at the same time. "

" They send the school to a school, one that was there. "

PART THE SECOND, OR THE HERMENEUTICS OF W.C.

" Willie tried to fire the wrong man. "

" One of two. "

" What's does that word mean, Mr. T. ? "

" To get a job , you have to get along with the Administration. "

" Bob torn up the runway, he's grounded. "

" It's what I call you with/the "head". "

" Hired Hands "

" We hold our teachers only because they enjoy teaching in a small Liberal Arts college "

" Hello, this is Haebel, H-A-E-B-E-L, and and Byham, B-Y-H-A-H. "

" Tempest is a teapot! "

" I need a good tail-gunner night, the flak is heavy. "

" WHAT ! you live in Chestertown and don't know George "

" I would rather be an idiot. "

CHRISTMAS POEM

Thin white Christ, in the northern transept
 Raises an angular finger
 Divides the flock
 The goodly fellowship of sleek white sheep is kept
 To him who hath...
 My church is founded on this rock

In the window of the five and ten
 The red saint with the greedy eyes
 Proclaims the brotherhood of men
 Excepts nor creed nor race
 From his omniverous embrace
 More blessed than he who gives
 Is he who buys.

Beyond the stores, beyond the gate
 And further yet,
 The holly waits
 For him who goes alone into these snows.
 My brother's foot was here before
 Shall I be late?

Along the smooth leaf thorns are set
 Lest we forget, Lest we forget
 As red as yours my blood will flow
 My tears as wet.

—MM—

POEM

They do not wait for midnight to arise
 But even throng the restless streets by day;
 They hardly trouble to conceal the shroud
 For who shall notice in this bust crowd
 The faint suggestive odor of decay
 or look into these inward, haunted eyes?

They jostle earthy elbows as they go -
 Bone knocks on bone where bodies walk besides
 That empty orifice that was an ear
 The inner rattling alone can hear
 Or, if some flickering spirit yet abide,
 Weary it listens for the cock to crow.

—MM—

LOVE

An elemental passion- that is love.
Engendered in each man and woman's mind.
It glides in softly, swiftly like a dove
And shuts out all else- leaves a person blind.
Through love comes feeling never felt before
So claim those held beneath its magic spell
It makes the soul to ideal heaven soar
Or leaves it in the great abyss of Hell.
No faults are there, the loved one to debase
No longer human- he's become divine.
How can the sight of ordinary face
A person's normal faculties entwine?
I wonder if the balance scale imparts
An equal between love and broken hearts.

AMR

PHANTASY

Win battles you have never won before,
Secure a lady love's eternal thanks,
Live in the past- live in the days of yore,
Become a person risen from the ranks.
Explore the future- seek its mystic acts
Don't be involved in humdrum dreariness.
See what your mind that's led astray contracts
Escape infernal gloom and dreariness.
Decide to open up a different world,
The one you're in is not complex enough
March off with banners merrily unfurled
Within your mind all sorts of visions stuff.
Remain in dreams where hope eternal lies
And psychiatrists will flock to you like flies.

AMR

TO A STUDENT

Don't get down-hearted at tests.
Don't think all teachers are pests.
Cast all your worries away,
Rome wasn't built in a day.
Just smile and say without fears,
"Not all graduate in four years."

AMR

To C***** E*****

As not so many questions in class
Less all discover you are an ass.

Scat !

SONNET

To a Strawberry Sundae

When I behold you in a glass
And feel the coolness that you radiate
You are a work of art in rosy mass
All of my senses you intoxicate.

You're fit for the feast of God or any man
To you belongs a gourmet's loud acclaim
In triumph you were born- a sweet shop's plan
And steadily upward do you rise to fame.

Is there greater beauty anywhere than this?
Soft red emblazoned on a field of white.
The sight of you fills anyone with bliss,
But cannot compare to the joy of that first bite.

Yet, when I tell you the joys I have felt.
What do you do ? You just lie there and melt.

- AMR-

PESSIMISTS

The world is in a sorry state-
Incomes lower, taxes greater.
No one thinks of good old psalms,
All is hatred and atomic bombs.
And man feels there's no where he can turn.
His anger flares, his morals burn.
But those who complain aloud in wrath
Do nothing to change the wayward path.

- AMR-

TO A BLONDE

Fair hair, the envy of all the girls,
Sparkling in sunshine dance the curls.
Spun silver or gold for men's careful gaze
Or a bundle of mist in the moonlight haze.
One glance and through man passion shoots.
It's a shame it is black at the roots.

- AMR-

REMEMBRANCE OF GOD'S CABLE

Tonight at church I felt inspired
As I saw a young man blossom forth
In a path of truth through Christ's ways
And now it seems that I'm up north.

When I looked out of the window
And saw the lacey white trimming
I felt that the whole bright world passing
Under Gos's cable was no longer dimming.

You see tonight I felt an inner urge
To become a better Christian in this modern world;
This idea came to me from an unknown source
As the snow flakes and thoughts swirled.

Nancy Elliott Nuttle

SUMMER SAILOR'S CHOICE

Blue sky over a white boat
on a summery, summery day,
Dirty white sails, gently fitted
as she sails away, from the bay,
River trilling under her prow
with a splatter of crystal spray
Before her the river spreads
with woods and marshes shored,
Fingered with inviling creeks
that are asking to be explored.
One nonchalant hand at her tiller
the other round the weather worn sheet
Boy considers, then chooses one
and sails away and away.

Jane Green

G.I. BILL

Gov't checks at seventy-five,
Room and Board and then twenty-five.
Thirty days in June and September;
Gov't checks ? - I cann't remmember !

Swabbie

TO KERLEY

Relatives of W.T. Sherman
such all be called Herman.

P.G.T. Beauregard

THOSE WHO HAVE A GENIUS
(Continued from page 13)

"What in the hell are you talking about?"

"She didn't have to threaten to call the Shore Patrol. I was merely trying to bribe her into letting Boots enter the bar. Such abnormality of corruptibility, it's disgusting."

"Yeah...I'm hungry."

"Torgeson," Ed interrupted, "You're a primitive man, if it isn't one physical need with you, it's another. However, due to the press of events, I too require nourishment. Let's eat."

"Where?"

"Anywhere."

"Got any ideas?"

"Yes, there's a drive-in...Stoop, you've passed it. Drive around the block and pull up. Don't look so glum, Boots. We haven't lost the war, yet."

"Look men," said Torgie, "we'll get a bite to eat and revamp our plans."

"Count me out," Boots said. "I'll go back to the hotel and kill time till you all are ready to leave. You guys can still have some fun before train time."

"Drop dead, my young friend. We'll have no more idle chatter about returning to the hotel, and we'll have no more planning. Why not let nature take its course. Planning a pleasure is like taking an enema, the element of surprise is removed, but the possibility of disappointment remains."

With that, the car arrived at the drive-in. In the middle of a large parking lot was an island, the restaurant proper. It was no different from many others except that it was new and big with lots of stainless steel and plate glass. A typical example of modern Americana. Though it was afternoon, there was only one other car in the lot. Lounging around the building were the carhops doing the things that people do when they would rather be busy.

As Torgie turned off the engine, he looked up and exclaimed, "My God, Ed! Look at those dames, they're all stacked!"

And so they were, for this was the land of milk and honey. The land where beautiful women were a dime a dozen. The lure of Hollywood was irresistible and even the most beautiful of the moths got burned. These girls, the carhops, looking like the chorus in a musical, were all dressed alike in abbreviated costumes that emphasized the better aspects of female anatomy.

One of them detached herself from the line and came over to take their order. "Can I get you something?"

She was attractive, but her slightly surly manner precluded all advances consequently they paid her scant attention, and they ordered their food semi-consciously. As they looked over the line of girls, their interest rivited upon a particular girl. A carhop that looked different from the rest. What is best described as real movie material. She was tall with shoulder length red hair that was so beautiful it must have been the result of many trips to the beauty parlor. And she was stacked. Her stance

gave way the fact that she was used to having men admire her. It wasn't vulgar, just provocative.

A low ominous whistle escaped from two mouths simultaneously.

"Who's that babe with the red hair," asked Torgie, not shifting his eyes.

The waitress answered, "Goes by the name of Iowa, but before you get any ideas, she's strictly off bounds to stray wolves. Your order will be ready in a few minutes."

She turned and left them gaping.

"Aye, for a date with that babe."

"A veritable Venus."

While this appreciation of art was being conducted, a small figure had entered the parking lot. This person was like an old hickory cane, gnarled and bent. It was a little woman, very shabbily dressed and quite old. Before crossing the wide space between the road and the island, she hesitated, as if making a decision, then proceeded toward the restaurant, in front of which was the red convertible.

She had come up so quietly, and the occupants of the car were so engrossed in their study that her suddenly spoken, "Excuse me," made them jump. Beside the tiny automobile, she looked more tattered and insignificant than before.

The men looked at her with slight impatience, subconsciously resenting her invasion of their private fantasies.

Her English was broken and the accent was of Slavic origin.

"Do you think, I can get in this place, coffee..." Her voice, already small, dropped and became almost unintelligible, and then ended with the mumbled statement, "People don't want old women to hire."

There was an embarrassed silence.

The older men not understanding completely what she had meant, muttered rather brusquely, "Go speak to one of the girls that works here." The returned to their own thoughts.

Boots made a movement with his arm, and then stopped. He looked out the other side of the car away from the old woman.

She turned and walked away, talking to herself as if in argument.

"You know, Ed," said Torgie, "I think that old girl wanted a handout. Did it strike you that way Boots?"

Boots didn't answer, just shook his head. He had understood what the old woman wanted and started to reach for his wallet, but fear of ridicule had held him back.

"Look," called Ed, "the old woman is going up to that luscious redhead."

They could not hear too well, only snatches of the conversation drifted over to the car. But from what they heard, they could tell that Iowa's voice was the kind that went with her type of body.

"No we don't need any help..." The sounds were lost as another car came charging into the lot. "... Tell the man at the counter that I said that I'd take care of the check."

Leaving the old lady standing there, she moved out to the newly arrived car to take the order. The old lady went into the resturant and timourously sat down at the counter.

Boots leaned back against the cushions, thoughts raced through his mind, "... Make out for yourself, hah, you weren't man enough to drink, not man enough to get a girl and you ruined the liberty. Now you're not even man enough to help out an old lady, because you are afraid you'll be laughed at"

With a suddeness that startled him, he reached into his pocket, pulled out a folded object and opened the car door. "I'll be right back. I'm gonna ask that girl.", nodding toward Iowa, "If she has any matches. I'm all out." He ran across the lot with comments chasing him all the way "out of bounds", "That stuff takes an experienced hand." Boots shouted so the boys could hear, "Say, sister, you got any matches?" By now he was out of earshot of the boys in the convertible. "take this", he said, "pressing the folded object into her hand.

She looked at him suspiciously, her guard up, "What's this money for?" "Give it to that old lady you're staking to a meal." She looked again, this was a new approach, but he was so young. She melted.

"Okay, I'll tell her you sent it."

"No. Just give it to her."

"Okay, Mac, you're the doctor."

He started to turn away, then spinning around, he said, "the matches, please?" Giving him a half smile, she tossed him a pack. Back at the car Torgie parried, "Did you get the matches?" "Undoubted the young lady found his boyish charms irresistable and offered him morethan the matches."

"Eat your sandwich Boots, we gotta get on the way", said Torgie signaling the carhop with a toot of the horn. "Well men shall we go back to town?" said Ed, finishing off his food. "No still have time to procure amusement for ourselves and Boots". This last statment wasmade half jestingly, half resigned, asif such action was possible but not probable. The girl that had waited on them returned to collect the tray. Torgie seeing that all were finished eating turned the key and started the car. She collected the dishes and detached the tray in preparation for departure. Then rembering something, she stopped and rested the tray against the car door. "Which one of you guys got the matches from Iowa?" No one answered, but others turned to look at Boots. "Well, whoever it was, she told me to, it don't make much sense. well anyway, she told me to tell him that ----- that he was her kind of man---- So long Swabbies."

James Duncan

"Ed, I guess I'm just the opposite. I'm not really lazy but I could hardly wait for a week-end during bass season. I'd spend all Saturday and Sunday up at the lake. You ought to see the fish! Ya know, this life is O.K. if you can forget why you're here. It's nice living outside sometimes ... reminds me of week-ends at the lake. I like woods and streams and mountains". Then as they rose and cautiously moved on, George mumbled, "Remembering what that telegraph inventor said is like trying to remember the title of a month-old movie".

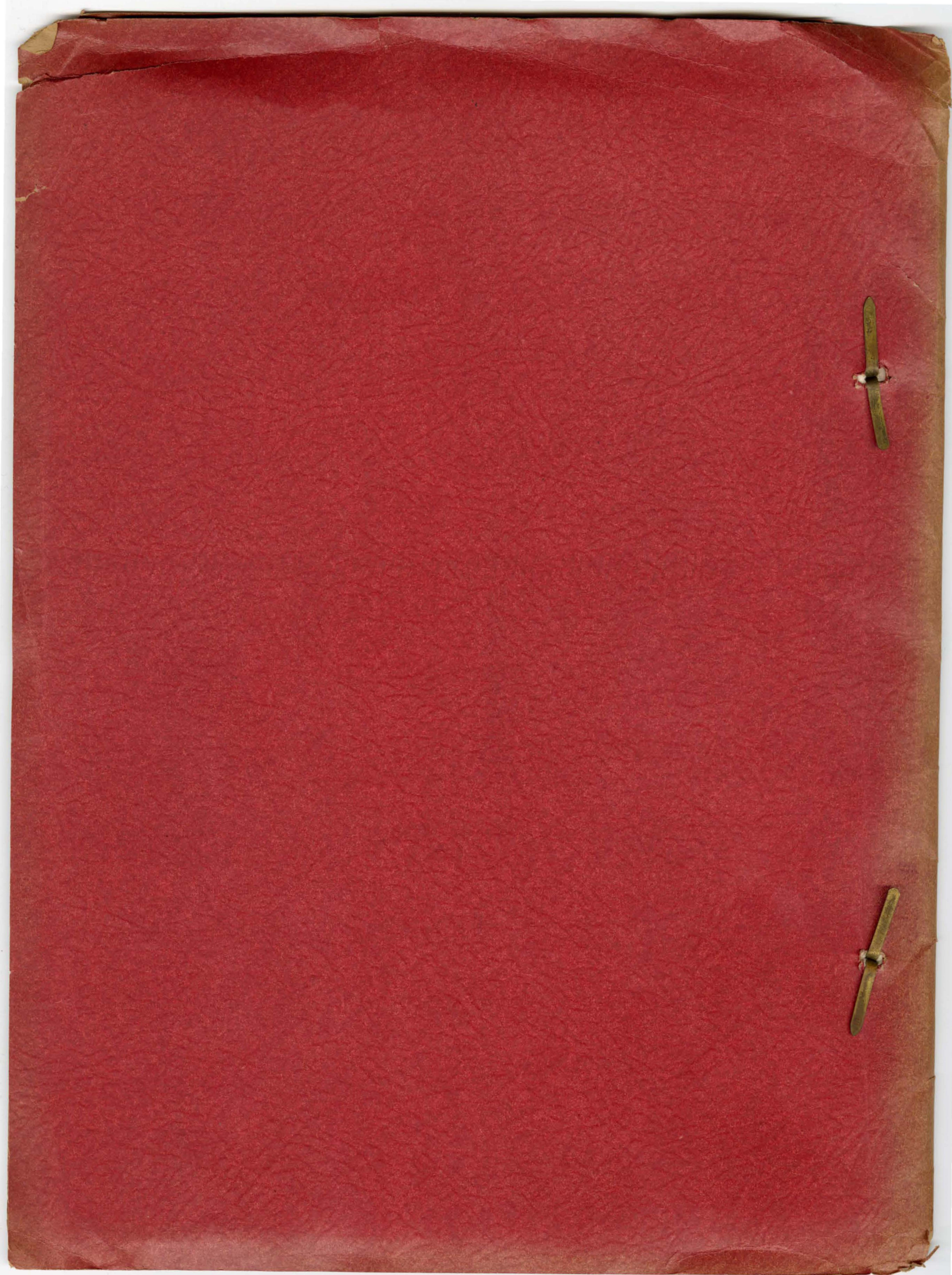
As they scrambled into the next resting-place above, a sort of pocket in the side of the now sheer ascent near the summit, Ed reflectively said in a voice filled with near exhaustion, "George, you certainly have faith in human nature. I always say that people are naturally greedy... you know, the survival of the fittest. Nations act in the same manner. The stronger survives and the weaker crumbles. You should resign yourself to that, George. It would be perfect if all of us as nations and individuals could solve it without violence but that is impossible. After this war, people will act the same way they did after the last one ... the same way they have for centuries."

George rose, brushed some dust from his tattered apparel and with disbelief and distrust burning in his eyes, looked at Ed. Then as he turned and slowly resumed the climb he told himself that Ed was like a lot of other people ... important, powerful people who lost their senses of value ... true value in a treacherous world of deceit and destruction.

The brightness of the peak just above nearly blinded them. The last obstacle was a steep rock face and both men stood before it, looking upward to the summit with awe and reverence. George slowly said, "What hath God wrought". That's what the telegraph inventor said". Then they crawled over the rock face to the top ... the end of a long climb.

After they had slowly gained their feet, they turned and for the first time looked to see what lay below. Their unbelieving eyes beheld a panorama of utter horror... their world shimmering in destruction ... void of life ... steaming ... burning ... charring... shrouded by a mist ... a mist of death. Ed gazed at his companion and murmured, "No George; what hath man wrought". Then they strolled down the gently rolling slope on the opposite side toward woods and streams and mountains.

THE END



Unrequited Love

My time is growing short
My shroud will soon descend.
Because I tire of life,
This one last verse I pen.

I feel that you should know,
Just why I think it's best;
For me to end my life,
And take my final rest.

In love I was betrayed,
Her name was on my breath,
She did not care for me
So now I go seek death.

The way to do this deed,
Is what I must decide,
A bullet in my head,
Or take some cyanide.

I'm done with my sad tale,
That's all I have to say,
She first destroyed my heart,
I do the rest today.

--Alan Kaplan

Unpublished Love

Time is growing short
I know will soon be gone.
I think I'll
and I'll never be gone.

I think you'll know
I think I'll be gone
I'll be gone by then
I'll be gone by then.

I'll be gone by then
I'll be gone by then
I'll be gone by then
I'll be gone by then.

I'll be gone by then
I'll be gone by then
I'll be gone by then
I'll be gone by then.

I'll be gone by then
I'll be gone by then
I'll be gone by then
I'll be gone by then.

—John Keats

West Hall

Washington Colloge, that's my home
Now I'm here, but I'd like to roam
They concentrate on studies, not social life
And you eat with a fork, not a hunting knife

Now listen to the story I'm going to give
The pride of the campus is where I live
Modernistic dormitory called West Hall
Where the boys are nice and angels all

This definition you are allowed to keep
Only when the boys are fast asleep
Things are calmest before twelve o'clock
But then you're hit with a dripping mop

That starts it off in the quiet hall
And it quickly turns to a full-sized brawl
The water is slung and the old hall rings
And the drunks come in and think they're kings

The brand new dorm is for recreation
For the boys play ball with the best in the
nation

They bounce it, throw it, and kick it too
And if you're not careful, they'll kick you blue.

The beautiful building sits up on a hill
Radiating warmth, but never still
But of all the places I'd like to be
Next to the Air Corps, West Hall's for me

Bill Solomon

West Hall

Washington College, that's my home
I'm here, but I'd like to come
by acquaintance or station, not social life
I'm out with a team, not a hunting party

I'm out with a team, not a hunting party
I'm out with a team, not a hunting party
I'm out with a team, not a hunting party
I'm out with a team, not a hunting party

I'm out with a team, not a hunting party
I'm out with a team, not a hunting party
I'm out with a team, not a hunting party
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I'm out with a team, not a hunting party
I'm out with a team, not a hunting party

Bill Wilson

Hitched

She is the girl of the extra-curricular,
Her main concern is not your books,
For she has only one particular,
And that is only your looks.

At first you ask her for a date,
And soon you're going steady,
But still you're never late,
Though your frat pin makes her ready.

Soon there's a ring on her finger,
But all doesn't end there,
For her voice is like a singer
And soon you don't have a care.

Before you know it you've set a date
And the congratulations begin.
You think, but much too late,
For you've committed the sin.

A sinner

I Know Not Who She Be

There is a maiden fair, who
Somewhere waits for me;
And though I know her name,
I know not who she be.

A. J. F.

Wrote

It is the first of the extra-ordinary
that is in the world in a way
and that is only your looking.

It is the first of the extra-ordinary
and that is only your looking.
It is the first of the extra-ordinary
and that is only your looking.

It is the first of the extra-ordinary
and that is only your looking.
It is the first of the extra-ordinary
and that is only your looking.

It is the first of the extra-ordinary
and that is only your looking.
It is the first of the extra-ordinary
and that is only your looking.

A letter

I have to go to the

There is a letter to the
and that is only your looking.
It is the first of the extra-ordinary
and that is only your looking.

A letter

The Smoke of Joy

To smoke a cigarette, cigar or pipe
Is to some a wondrous thing.
A joy and right which might
Be as relaxing as a day in spring.
But when in April with its showers soute
And the professor of English gnaws to the roots.
Upon asking us to extinguish our smokes outright
By God and His heavens, it is a terrible thing,
To be so beastly as to deny us
A pause of refreshing convalescence
In our quest for learning.

Percy Bysshe McDonnell

The Girl I Love

Pretty as a picture
Gentle as a dove
Fascinating as a lure
That's the girl I love.

Asa J. F.

The Little Men's Chowder and Marching Society

The Mt. Vernon Literary
Is a distinguished society indeed.
In spite of its recent publicity
In a column gone to seed.

We're the essence of sophistication,
The pride of the campus and town.
And as for our literary intentions
We plant flowers and trees in the ground.

We chase after elusive creatures
Who haunt the world living or dead.
But none of them ever confuses us,
Except a gold butterfly--three steps ahead.

This creature throws taunts in our direction
And hovers with fiendish delight,
To watch plans for campus improvement,
Then pounce on them left and right.

Our chances for survival are waning,
Won't someone please come to our aid?
And despite our state of confusion,
Call a spade a spade.

L. B. H..

The little bee's chatter and her piping

Is a music of the spring
In a garden of the spring
In a garden of the spring

And the bees are busy
In the garden of the spring
In the garden of the spring
In the garden of the spring

And the bees are busy
In the garden of the spring
In the garden of the spring
In the garden of the spring

And the bees are busy
In the garden of the spring
In the garden of the spring
In the garden of the spring

And the bees are busy
In the garden of the spring
In the garden of the spring
In the garden of the spring

L. B. S.

Drink Up

It was a sultry summer evening and just beginning to grow dark. A slight breeze had come up from the north and some rather ominous thunderheads had made their appearance in the eastern sky. We were driving home from a day at the ocean and I was feeling rather good at having won a little money playing a slot machine. Fred was busying himself with the dual responsibilities of keeping the car on the road and trying to find a station on the radio that wasn't completely drowned out by static. Tom sat in the middle telling us once more what a fine figure that girl in the red swim suit had had.

The storm broke just as we were coming into East Hamilton, a small ~~unincorporated~~ town typical in this section of the country. Tom, who had once lived near here, suggested that we stop at the local pub and have a brew or two until the worst of the rain had passed over. He knew Fred and me well enough to know we would never refuse and we were soon parking next to a rather imposing concrete building which, except for the neon sign in front advertising Clayton's Beer, could easily have been taken for the bank, which, Tom explained, it once had been. The bars were still on the windows and over the doorway someone, apparently with more ambition than banking genius, had carved in the concrete, "First National Bank of East Hamilton."

From the inside the place was exactly like the thousands of other small town taverns all over the country with the exception of the old bank vault which, I supposed, had been too much trouble to

remove and was now being used to house the bar
place in which the bar was being kept cold.
This was strictly a male retreat and a half dozen
men dropped around the bar which stood directly
in front of the open vault door.

Tom, who was apparently no stranger here,
went to the bar and ordered three bottles of
Claret. The bartender, a large, square-jawed
man with shining brown hair, asked him if Tom
knew who was commented on the paying number
down white Fred and I satified ourselves in a
room near the front door. This was indeed a
pleasant retreat from the elements and I sat waiting
about the pleasant time the time of us had had
at the coach that day and trying to remember the
name of that blind who had spoken to me at the
bar that afternoon. Her name was as
the tip of my tongue and I was just on the verge
of recalling it when a young man, dripping wet,
burst into the room.

I guessed his age at around twenty five.
He was tall and thin with rather sharp features
and his black mop of hair was looking wet. I
expected him to start cursing the rain but when he
stepped up to the bar it was evident that he
had already had enough to drink to make him for-
get the weather. A bartender had been telling
outside. When he reached the bar he coughed in
a loud voice that the beer was being brought by
him and asked the bartender to get everyone up.

Needless to say, no drinker takes this adver-
sity and I was half-way through my first

Clayton's when our benefactor came over to our booth and hovered over it, swaying slightly from side to side. He drew a box of cheap cigars from under his right arm and offering it to us said;

"Boys, have a cigar on me...for my first child, who was born this morning. Can't blame a man for celebrating a little when his first child is born, can you? She's awful small but I could see that she's got my blue eyes. Yes, sir, it's quite an occasion. Say boys, you need some more beer."

.With this he straightened up and lurched toward the bar, ordering another round for everyone.

I was a little amused by the way in which the fellow was celebrating the birth and thinking how lucky we were to have come along in time to help him spend his money.

Everyone at the bar had received another round of Clayton's and the bartender came over with three fresh bottles for us. I was rather surprised when he sat down with us instead of returning to the bar.

"You remember Mr. Haynes that ran the food mill out on Hightown road?", he asked Tom.

Tom nodded.

"Well, that there is his son Bill. He married the Anderson girl last summer. He used to be in here a lot before that but this

is the first time I've seen him drinking since the marriage. He sure is in love with that girl and has behaved himself right well. I'll never forget how proud he was when he told me that his wife was expectin'. His eyes really lit up and his chest swelled way out just like a rooster's. It's too bad it turned out the way it did."

Tom asked what had happened.

I was just draining my glass and Fred was lighting his gift cigar, clouds of gray smoke drifting to the ceiling.

The bartender said, "Oh, yes, I forgot you didn't know. The baby died two hours after it was born."

Just then, as a clap of thunder burst outside, Bill Haynes looked our way and called out, "Drink up, boys."

R. B.

The End

...the first time I have seen the ...
...the first time I have seen the ...
...the first time I have seen the ...
...the first time I have seen the ...
...the first time I have seen the ...

...the first time I have seen the ...
...the first time I have seen the ...
...the first time I have seen the ...
...the first time I have seen the ...
...the first time I have seen the ...

...the first time I have seen the ...
...the first time I have seen the ...
...the first time I have seen the ...
...the first time I have seen the ...
...the first time I have seen the ...

The End

Amour Perdu

Three in the afternoon on a rainy November day found Julia Tassigny curled up on the lounge chair before the comforting warmth of the fireplace in her spacious bedroom. The autumnal gusts of wind blew the scratchy boughs of the huge oak against the window panes; its almost methodical beat synchronizing with the ticking of the French mantle clock. Shadows, reflecting from the glow of the fire, made familiar objects of the room look ominous and even her own shadow appeared phantasmagorical against the wall.

In just three more hours Gregg Larson would be over. In less than four hours, everything would be over. Julia would tell him they could never consummate their love... she could never marry him nor anyone else as far as that was concerned. It would be a relief to stop her fantastic pretensions, her stringing along with Gregg on wedding plans, her dropping the mask of deceit.

The sands of Julia's life were literally reaching low ebb. She pondered to herself her fiancé's reaction when the secret would be revealed... Would he give her detestable sympathy, the thing that often destroys, or would he react angrily to find himself so powerless before ordained fate?

THEY WERE

Three months ago, on a rainy day, I and John, passing through the streets of the city, saw a woman in a long dress, with a white apron, walking towards us. She was looking at us with a curious expression. We stopped and she came to us. She said, "I am a woman of the street, and I am looking for a man who will give me a home. I have no money, and I have no friends. Will you give me a home?" We looked at each other and then at her. We saw that she was a woman of the street, and we saw that she was a woman who was looking for a home. We saw that she was a woman who was looking for a home, and we saw that she was a woman who was looking for a home.

In that time, we saw many women of the street, and we saw many women who were looking for a home. We saw that they were women who were looking for a home, and we saw that they were women who were looking for a home. We saw that they were women who were looking for a home, and we saw that they were women who were looking for a home. We saw that they were women who were looking for a home, and we saw that they were women who were looking for a home.

The words of John's life were the words of a man who was looking for a home. He was a man who was looking for a home, and he was a man who was looking for a home. He was a man who was looking for a home, and he was a man who was looking for a home. He was a man who was looking for a home, and he was a man who was looking for a home.

Julia remembered it was that August day that completely changed her life. Dr. Wilson's pronouncement of "six months to live" left her hopelessly dazed.

"Of course," Dr. Wilson continued in his sympathetic voice, "I may be wrong and honestly pray I am."

A tense face spoke those words. Julia knew that a face such as this never lied. The ageing physician continued to talk in his mild and sympathetic voice, but thousands of fleeting images passed with staccato rapidity through Julia's mind. She had the feeling of the drowning man who sees three quick flashes of life pass by before the final plunder under the murky surface. The words "six months to live" began to circulate, to imprint, to become so tangible that Julia felt as if she could reach out and embrace them. She remembered how the instruments in Dr. Wilson's office began to do a wild dance. And that was all she could remember.

The French mantle clock chimed three-thirty. Gregg would be there in only two and a half hours. How would she tell him? Should she first kiss him as she always did, or should she immediately blurt out everything and get it over with? Her train of thought returned. She remembered how she told Dr. Wilson of not wanting to be a coward.

"You never were a coward, Julia Tassigny, and you never will be!" Dr. Wilson angrily retorted. "We're not going to give up by any means," he added.

And yet she knew Dr. Wilson realized his reassurances were nothing but empty and vapid comforts. She sensed that he felt a hundred degrees below being miserable. The reports he received from the specialist were her death notice. Julia had gone to consult the specialist upon Dr. Wilson's advice of her having complications more serious than he could handle.

Julia raised her glance from the sizzling embers in the fireplace and noticed herself in the mirror. Her powder blue eyes were now almost vacant-like in their expression. The vivid black hair needed no beautician's fussy care; it was naturally curly and well-groomed. The face she saw was opulent, but a little haggard. Her figure was petite and flawless in proportion.

She smiled sardonically as she recalled the ultimate progressions of a dead person. First there was rigor mortis, then decay, then... The clock chimed four. Gregg would be there in less than two hours. If only she didn't have to tell Gregg tonight, Julia was thinking. Maybe a miracle could happen.

"Julia, you'll have to believe in miracles. Promise me you'll visit me once a week for a checkup," Dr. Wilson had advised.

The nurse came in and eased her gently out of the office. She remembered how she assured the nurse she would be all right and went down the long flight of stairs into the street. The women whom she knew smiled at her unctiously, while the men tipped their summer straws in typical small town fashion.

"You people, you couldn't possibly under-

stand! My existence from here on is crazy, de-
ceptive, and cheated!"...Julia remembered how she
had that impulse to scream it out before all of
them, but instead returned the greetings with an
unintelligible mutter.

A spark from the burning log in the fireplace
sputtered onto the edge of her foot and singed her
too. That day, too, was a hot and singing day;
the day she had planned to go down to the beach.
Funny how a thing like the beach should matter.
It seemed like death was passing all around her.
The shiny black cars, the black fall dresses
featured in the leading dress shoppes, and even
Mr. Hollis, the undertaker, gave more than a cor-
dial greeting.

Her thoughts were just then interrupted by
Binder, her pet dog, who had come into her bed-
room and put his cold nose on her arm. She
petted him.

"You miss Dad, too?" Julia said as Binder
whined and snuggled up to her. It seemed so
cruel to Julia that her father who loved life
with Rabelaisian gusto died just last year. He
laughed away death to the last, while her in-
sides were crying. The sumptuous mansion which
Hilary Tassigny left to his only child and
daughter was empty. She remembered her plans to
sell the place and to have only the ultra-modern.
All those plans were useless now. The rambling
house would be her last home. When you have only
three months to live, it doesn't really matter
where you die. There was nothing to look forward
to with hope and nothing to look backward to with
pride.

The clock chimed five. It was the next hour that would count. Gregg would take her out to dinner; a painstaking affair, for he always hounded her for not eating. She was tired of brushing it aside with "I'm watching my diet" and Gregg always cheerfully yet irritatingly laughed it off as one of those female prerogatives but in one more hour he would know the real reason.

Her eyes wandered back to the bluish-yellow flames in the fireplace. It was two weeks later that she decided to go ahead with her original plans and went down to the beach. The ocean was a different shade of blue, a sapphire blue and the sun was golden yellow. A smile crossed her face as she recalled her first meeting Gregg; like any normal girl meets a fellow. She was sitting on the beach when she noticed the satanic green eyes and cheerful face. The bronze figure knew that he was the object of her spy glasses and cautiously approached her.

"I thought I'd come a little closer so you could get a better view of me without your spy glasses," Gregg addressed her for the first time.

"Oh..no..I mean it wasn't you..I was looking at the ship out there. Julia blushed. Gregg looked to where she pointed, but the ship had long since disappeared beyond the horizon. They both began to laugh, and they laughed the entire day.

Gregg was a much-needed tonic as long as they laughed. Laughter developed into physical attraction. Physical attraction developed into mental attraction. It was an intoxicating love, but Julia silently condemned herself.

Julia must tell him tonight. That settled it. The clock chimed five-thirty. Three months of insane joy to be followed by three months of insane hell. She would tell Gregg she could not marry him. The fire in the fireplace smoldered and began to die out.

The doorbell rang. Gregg was not supposed to come until six. She heard the maid open the door and Gregg's resonant and cheerful voice exchanging greetings with her and asking for Julia. Julia became panicky at the upset in her timetable. She would have to go now and tell him all. Mechanically, she rose from her chair and walked slowly into the hall. The telephone suddenly jingled and her heart thumped at the unexpected interruption. She picked up the receiver.

"Julia? Do you still believe in miracles?" It was Dr. Wilson's excited voice booming over the telephone. "Well, a miracle has just happened to you!! You know the report from the specialist... I rechecked it with him and we discovered to our amazement that your reports were mixed up with that of an elderly woman with the same name...Mrs. Julia Tassigny. Julia, are you still there?"

"Yes! Yes...yes, I hear you." Julia cried.

"But the reports disclose you have a slight growth which will have to be taken care of as soon as possible," Dr. Wilson advised.

Julia's eyes filled with tears as she promised she would come in the following day.

"Take care, my dear, you're one lucky girl!"

Dr. Wilson hung up.

Julia replaced the receiver just as Gregg was calling.

"Come on, Julie, what's keeping you so long?"

"A miracle, Gregg," Julia answered and started to scamper down the stairs. Suddenly, her toe caught on the loose end of the plush carpet and she plunged headlong down the winding stairs. Gregg rushed over and picked up the lifeless form, but Julia was dead. The French mantle clock chimed six.

The End

Mendel Heilig

He took up.

He replaced the receiver just as the

light

came on, but, what a happy

He looked down at the table, and saw
the clock on the wall and the glass
on the table. He picked up the glass
and drank. He looked at the clock
and saw that it was half past six.

The End

Robert Louis

Best-Seller Professor

Herbert Milton walked over to his college mailbox with the dignified gait that befitted an assistant professor of English and an authority on Chaucer. After the years at Gainmar College, Dr. Milton was almost an institution. At thirty-six his hair was slowly receding from his forehead and his waistline was an inch or so more than it should have been. Dr. Milton opened his mail-box and began to look through the sheaf of letters with an almost boyish eagerness. He always enjoyed getting his mail more at this college box than at his home address. Possibly because Eleanor always opened all the letters that came to him at home. He stuffed the usual book advertisements in the nearest wastebasket and turned his attention to a perusal of the remaining letters. He fished out the one with the address of a well-known book publisher on it and savagely ripped it open. He glanced down at the letter expecting the usual rejection slip.

Then his face turned white, his breath began to come in short gasps and his hands trembled so he could scarcely finish reading the letter. Feeling as though his legs would not support him, he leaned against a wall rubbing his brow with his hand.

"No, it can't be," he groaned to himself. "I sent it as a joke. After they rejected my critical essays, to accept that lurid, sex-filled novel I dashed off to amuse myself." He recalled how he had used the writing of the novel as an excuse to escape the company of Eleanor's socially prominent friends at the fashionable resort where they had spent the previous summer. If he had been able to take the fishing trip he had wanted, it would

never have been written. "What will the Dean say?" he wondered. "I'll be summoned before the Board. My professional standing will be ruined. An expert on Chaucer writing a passionate love-story. Oh, no."

Slowly Dr. Milton's customary composure returned. His breathing became more regular, and his mouth tightened and hardened in a resolute expression seemingly out of place on such a man. Finally a slight but definite twinkle appeared in his eyes as he perceived the humor in the situation.

He began to study the letter which had upset him more carefully.

"I'll lose my position. So what? Fifty thousand dollars will last me quite a while. I might as well take full advantage of the publisher's poor taste in literature. In fact, I think I might even enjoy this."

Dr. Milton strode down the hall to the Dean's office with a jauntier step than he had used in many years. Usually he would not have noticed the students nervously awaiting conference with the Dean, but today they amused him.

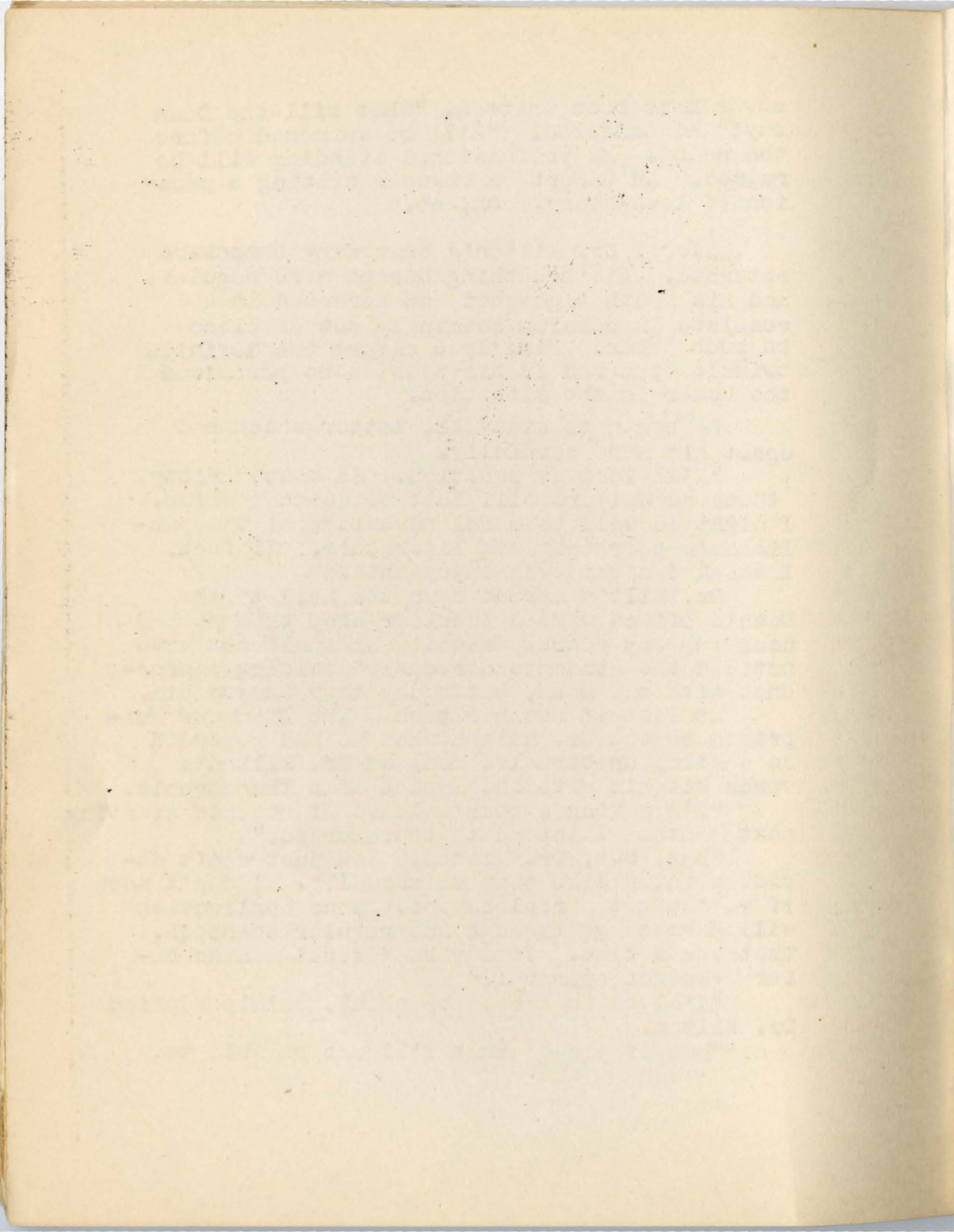
At last it was his turn. The Dean was surprised to see Dr. Milton whom he had regarded as a mild, unobtrusive man, so Dr. Milton's words hit him with the impact of a thunderbolt.

"I'm taking a year's leave of absence starting next month. I intend to tour Europe."

"But, but, Dr. Milton. You just can't decide a thing like that so casually. I don't know if we can get a replacement. Your application will have to go through the regular channels. That takes time. It may be several months before you get approval."

"I'll be in Europe by then", calmly replied Dr. Milton.

"But if you do that I'll not be able to



guarantee you that you'll get your job back when you return."

"Don't let that worry you, sir. It certainly isn't bothering me. I just stopped in to give you notice. By the way, I expect to be ill tomorrow so don't expect me at classes." He rose, went to the door, opened it and turned to conclude with faultless poise, "Good-day, sir."

The Dean gasped, sat speechless for several minutes and then quickly got up to take an aspirin and hurry to the President's office.

Dr. Milton was comfortably seated in his favorite easy chair when Eleanor, his wife, came home.

"Hollo, dear."

"Hollo, Herbert. I must see if that cook has dinner ready. I forgot to tell her about the salad."

He watched his wife hurry to the kitchen, wondered vaguely what they were having for dinner and returned to his reading.

The dinner guest turned out to be Donald Widhan, an old admirer of his sister-in-law, Chori.

Mr. Milton was so concerned about the impression the dinner had made on Donald, whom she considered a very eligible suitor for her sister, that Dr. Milton never got a chance to tell her of his change of fortune. He was putting on his coat to leave the next morning when he realized that he had not informed her. He considered the problem for a moment, then went back to the dining room where his wife was finishing her breakfast.

"I forgot to tell you, my dear, I'm leaving for Europe next month. I've wanted to go for years. You'll have to pack a few things for me. By the way, would you call the Dean and tell him I'm ill? I've got to attend to some business downtown."

Herbert. What do you mean going to

Europe? We don't have the money. You're not going alone?"

"I have no objection to your coming along if you wish."

Having said all that he wanted to Dr. Milton walked out of the house leaving a bewildered wife behind him.

His first stop was the publisher's. He found the head of the firm enthusiastically briefing his advertising agents for the advance advertising of Dr. Milton's book. After a long, satisfactory conference with the publisher Dr. Milton visited the office of a leading steamship company where he got reservations on the next ship for Europe.

Two weeks later the advance publicity came out. Dr. Milton got an ironic satisfaction from reading the ads for his book which described his heroine as "more ruthless than Scarlett O'Hara, more daring than Kitty, a modern Salome." According to the press agents his opus was "hotter than Forever Amber and the Kinsey Report rolled together."

When he returned from college the next afternoon his wife met him at the door for the first time in over nine years.

"Herbert, Herbert. These papers. You didn't write this book, did you? You couldn't."

"Whether I could or not, my dear, I'm afraid I did."

"But is it as bad as these ads make out?"

"When I consider it I don't think the press notices overestimate it a bit."

"Oh, Herbert, what will my friends say? And your job at the college."

"Your friends will be standing in line to get my autograph. As for my job, I'm not even sure I want to keep it."

The book was a best-seller from the first copies. The news spread over the quiet Gainmar campus like wildfire. The gossip spread with all

with all the details. Dr. Milton noticed that students who had never known him before stared at him. He was pointed out as an object of curiosity to strangers. Professors who had but him before stopped to speak. The Board of Governors met to consider the case. They were equally divided between those who were morally outraged by Dr. Milton's novel and those who were overjoyed to have a best-selling author on the faculty so they argued and shouted at each other and in general did nothing.

Meanwhile, the only calm person on the campus was Dr. Milton, himself. He shook hands, autographed books, made public appearances and remained unexcited and perfectly at ease.

Mrs. Milton, however, was not quite so self-possessed. When she had married Dr. Milton ten years before she had visions of his becoming Professor of English, Dean or even President of the college. But when he remained only assistant professor for so many years, and his scholarly dissertations on Chaucer had gathered only rejection slips, she had lost all hope. Now the sudden success in an unexpected direction overwhelmed her.

After all the publicity stunts and lectures, Dr. Milton was glad when sailing time came. He was sitting on the deck the first night when his wife came up and said sweetly, "Herbert, dear, let's take a stroll around the deck. It's a lovely night."

Dr. Milton looked up at the moon which was shining brightly and then at his wife. She was wearing a new dress in his favorite shade. Mrs. Milton didn't consider it sophisticated enough and he couldn't remember her buying anything in that shade since their honeymoon. It also had a neckline almost as low as the one on the model who

adorned the cover of his book. Dr. Milton smiled as he caught a whiff of the suggestive perfume his wife had on, and got up. Apparently his European trip was going to prove interesting in a way he had not anticipated. And as they strolled down the moon-lit dock Dr. Milton decided it was quite all right with him.

B. I. I.

Edward the first of the house of
Anjou as he called himself, and the
other his title was, and the
only his kingdom was the
fact that in 1213 he had
and as he called himself, and his
Anjou called it was the first time.

1213

And the Wind Howled

Over and over again the sandy dust swirled upward and downward and around and around in the lazy purple sunset. The few low-hanging clouds reflected bright hues of red and orange and deep purple from the sun. These bright hues were in turn reflected by the swirling dust as the cold northern wind blew it along. As far as the eye could see, there was only the cold brown dust blowing over the hot darkening plain. Slowly the sun settled between some mountains so far away that they could hardly be seen. And, as the last rays of the dying sun reflected off the scattering clouds, a great and terrible silence came over the vast plateau, a silence broken only by the mournful howl of the cold spring wind and the sound of tiny drops of dust and sand as they fell upon the sunbaked ground.

At long last, the last deep purple ray of the sun disappeared; but it was not dark, for the pale yellow moon was just rising, not far from where the great sun had died. However, the clouds did not reflect the moonlight for there were none to be seen. The cold dry wind had done its job. Then, from somewhere, or nowhere, a wolf howled and the echo howled back. Again it became quiet. Slowly the moon rose higher in the heavens. And the stars came out. Sometimes one at a time. Sometimes in groups.

"They brought me out here this morning. A deep hole was quickly dug and I, with my hands and feet bound with chains, was lowered into the pit. As the dirt was placed around me it was packed down tight with a heavy weight. When they were finished, just my head was protruding above the

And the Wind Rode

Over and over again the sandy dunes shifted
upward and downward and round and around in the
long purple shadows, the low low-hanging clouds
reflected bright lines of red and orange and deep
purple from the sun. These bright lines were in
form reflected by the swirling dust as the cold
northern wind blew its change. As far as the eye
could see, there was only the cold brown dust
blowing over the hot darkened ground. Slowly
the sun settled lower and lower, and as the
dark that they could hardly see. And, as the
last rays of the sun were reflected off the
ascending clouds, a great and terrible silence
came over the vast plain, a silence broken
only by the measured beat of the cold spring wind
and the sound of tiny drops of dust and sand as
they fell upon the unbroken ground.
At long last, the last deep purple rays of
the sun disappeared; but it was not dark, for the
great yellow moon was just rising, and far from
dark the great sun had died. However, the
clouds did not reflect the moonlight for there
was none to be seen. The cold dry wind had gone
the day, and the sun was dead, a silent, a still
beauty and the unbroken dark. Again it became
quiet. Slowly the great sun began to rise
low and low, and the stars came out. Sometimes one
star came, sometimes two, sometimes three.
The bright sun of the day was gone. A
deep blue and quickly darkened, with my hands and
feet buried in the sand, the low low-hanging clouds
as the dust was blown around it was gone.
Down came the heavy night, when they were
finished, just my feet and protruding above the

arid soil. Then they left and, as the horses disappeared in the haze, their tracks were completely blown away. The day had been very hot and I knew that if I lived through the bitter cold of the night I would be roasted to death on the morrow; that is, unless some stray animal decided to make a meal out of me first.

"But why was I here? I can't really say. All I can remember was getting up in a deserted street. A few moments later some soldiers arrested me and took me to a dark gloomy dungeon. How long I stayed there I cannot really tell, but it seemed more like a few years than the few miserable days it really was. I could not get any information out of the guard, for no one would go near me because of some strange disease I had. Finally I was taken by some soldiers, who kept some distance behind me, to a man who seemed to be a judge. He read some papers and, without letting me say a word on my behalf, sentenced me to die out here on the open plain.

"No one spoke to me as I was led away. And they wasted no time bringing me here. In some ways their language was slightly familiar, but in others it differed from my own. However, I heard one of my guards say, to the effect of, that I had been found with a bloody sword in my hand. And the king's right hand man was lying nearby in a pool of his own blood. But who was I? I never found out. No one seemed to know!"

Across the cold heavens slid the graceful moon; her long silver ribbon moved along with her.

There were no clouds, but it was hard to see the stars, the clouds of dust were so thick. And the wind was cold. Freezing cold.

As the sun rose slowly over the lifeless plain, a judge was reading a letter from a far away king about the latter's insane loper son!

And the wind raced ever onward.

Willie

Jr.

kind soul. Then they left and the horses
disappeared in the dark. Their voices were
whispered away. The day had been very hot
and I knew that if I lived through the winter
and the night I would be forced to look on
the narrow trail, unless some strong animal
decided to make a trail out of no trail.
"But why was I there? I can't really say."
All I can remember was getting up in a dazed
state. A few minutes later some soldiers
of the 10th came to a dark grey canyon. But
I stayed there I cannot really say, but I
remembered like a few years then the
terrible days of really war. I can't say
information out of the ground, but we were
near the bottom of a low average distance I had
usually I was taken by some soldiers, and they
and soldiers behind me, some were the second
to a ledge. He had some papers and things
like he was a man on my behalf, something as
the old hand on the same side.
"He was a man on the same side,"
they were in some way of the same. In some
ways their language was slightly different, but in
general it differed from my own. However, I
one of my words was, "I am a man on the same side."
and some found with a little word in my hand.
The king's right hand was right away in
hand of his right hand. But when I I never
found out. So we seemed to know!
I know the old language and the general
point but I have a ribbon word with me.
There were no words, but it was hard to see the
state, the words of words were so thick. And the
wind was cold. The words were
as the words slowly came the things
which, a judge was reading a letter from a
very king about the father's name later and
that the wind passed over
the

Condemned to Die

The man sat in the corner of the small room on a hard wooden cot. He sat there looking through a small window high in the wall, looking at the black night and the cold icy rain which came down in torrents. This could have been any man, but it wasn't. This could have been any room, but it wasn't. The window was barred. The room was a cell on death row in the "big house", and the man was a convict waiting to go to the electric chair. Already he was shaven bald and the legs of his trousers were slit so as to make easier the fastening of the iron straps and iron helmet. The preacher had been there, had said his prayers, and had left the man sniveling in the corner by himself. Yes, the man was crying. There aren't many who don't when they are "condemned to die." The man shivered, not because of physical cold, but because of a morbid fear of dying. If they had only given him life sentence, he thought, but no, he was to die in the chair.

He thought of the many ways of dying, but none seemed so horrible as the chair. To hear the footsteps of the prison guards, to hear the keys jingle as the guard nervously fumbles at the lock, to hear the iron door swing schreechingly open and hear your own footsteps mingle with those about you as you walk the last mile---the last mile. To hear the mumbled words of a servant of God as he prays for the forgiveness of your sins and for the salvation of your soul. To hear your own sobs and feel the hot tears on your cheeks. And then as you see the chair to hear your own screams of "No, no, for God's sake. Have mercy, please." This, as he pictured it, was a fate worse than hell. This was the worst

cesspool of sickening sludge. His momentum carried him under; he came up gasping and started swimming through the rotten corruption in the direction opposite the steep precipice. His feet finally touched the sewer bottom once more and he scrambled from the slimy pit. He realized that to retrace his steps would be impossible. To get back this way past this cess pool and up the slimy slope---but why should he think of that? He was out of the putrid scum now and he noticed that the sewer was slightly inclined. On his hands and knees he crawled. Over the rough hard tile his bloody hands quickly sped. Would this damned sewer never end? And then as if in answer to his prayers he rounded a turn and saw a small opening not 100 yards away. He was the happiest man in the world; he was free, free. But when he was 15 feet from the opening he emitted a scream which would have made the screams of those in hell sound like whispered prayers. He bawled, rolled on the sewer floor like one gone mad. He cursed and screamed again, for there directly in front of him was an impassable barred opening and a human skeleton.

Jack McCullough

...at the moment, the moment
...the water; he came on running and start-
...of swimming through the water, swimming in
...the direction opposite the steep precipice. He
...lost finally reached the shore before once more
...and he scrambled from the rocky shore. He was
...last to witness his steps would be impossible.
...to get back this way that was good and up
...the rocky ridge--but it would be like
...that he was out of the water's reach and he
...reached that the water was still in the
...to his hands and knees he crawled. Over the
...rough hand till his bloody hands felt the
...would this time never more. And then
...it in answer to his cry he reached a
...and saw a small opening not 100 yards away.
...was the opening was in the middle of the
...tree. But then he saw it was the opening
...he made it a stream which would flow into
...course of the stream in the lower flow
...propelled by the wind, rolled on the lower flow
...the end of the stream. He turned and looked again.
...the lower flow of the stream of the
...pressure of the opening and a small stream.

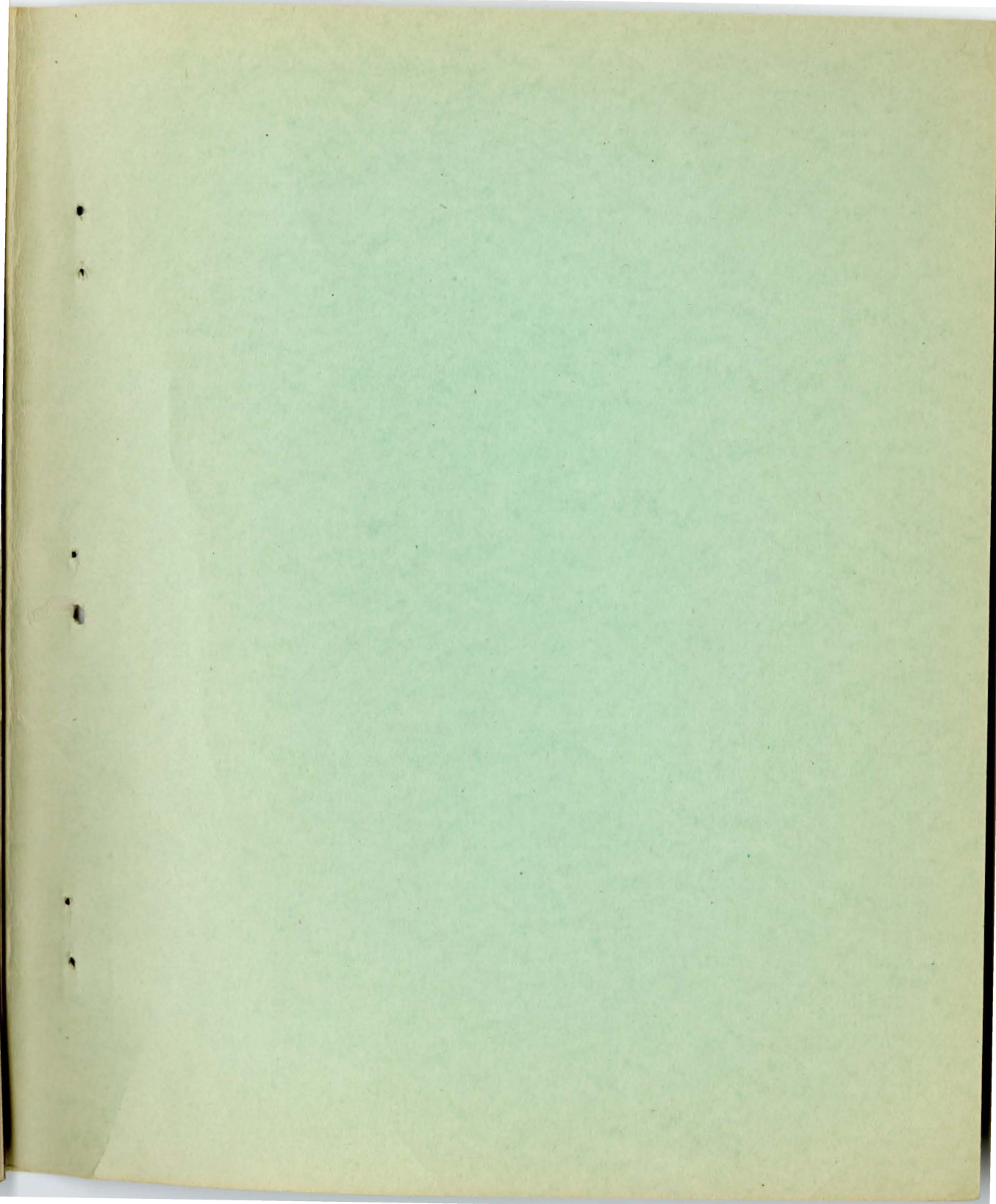
Jack McCallister

Dedication to a Memory

The dark clouds fill the dimming sky above--
They hide the sun and send the birds to nest.
While winds are whirling, whisking leaves about,
The rustling trees resound to silent rain
Which falls amid the din of thunderclaps,
And lightning leaps like fire across the sky.
The tumult then is followed by the rain,
So steady in its rich entrancing beat;
So near hypnotic in its pensive spell.
How well is life compared to this, the storm
Which springs with sudden gusto from the calm.
How well I know how peace and calm of life
Can be pervaded, torn by suffered anguish.
And then, preceded by the cruel shock--
Despair, so solemn, echoes back the grief
As if to bring remembrance of the blast.
But storms cannot continue on with rain
Forever beating down; no, they must end.
And life, like storm, must not abide with pain
But must keep on, despite the shattered dreams,
With hope of promised sun and trust in God.

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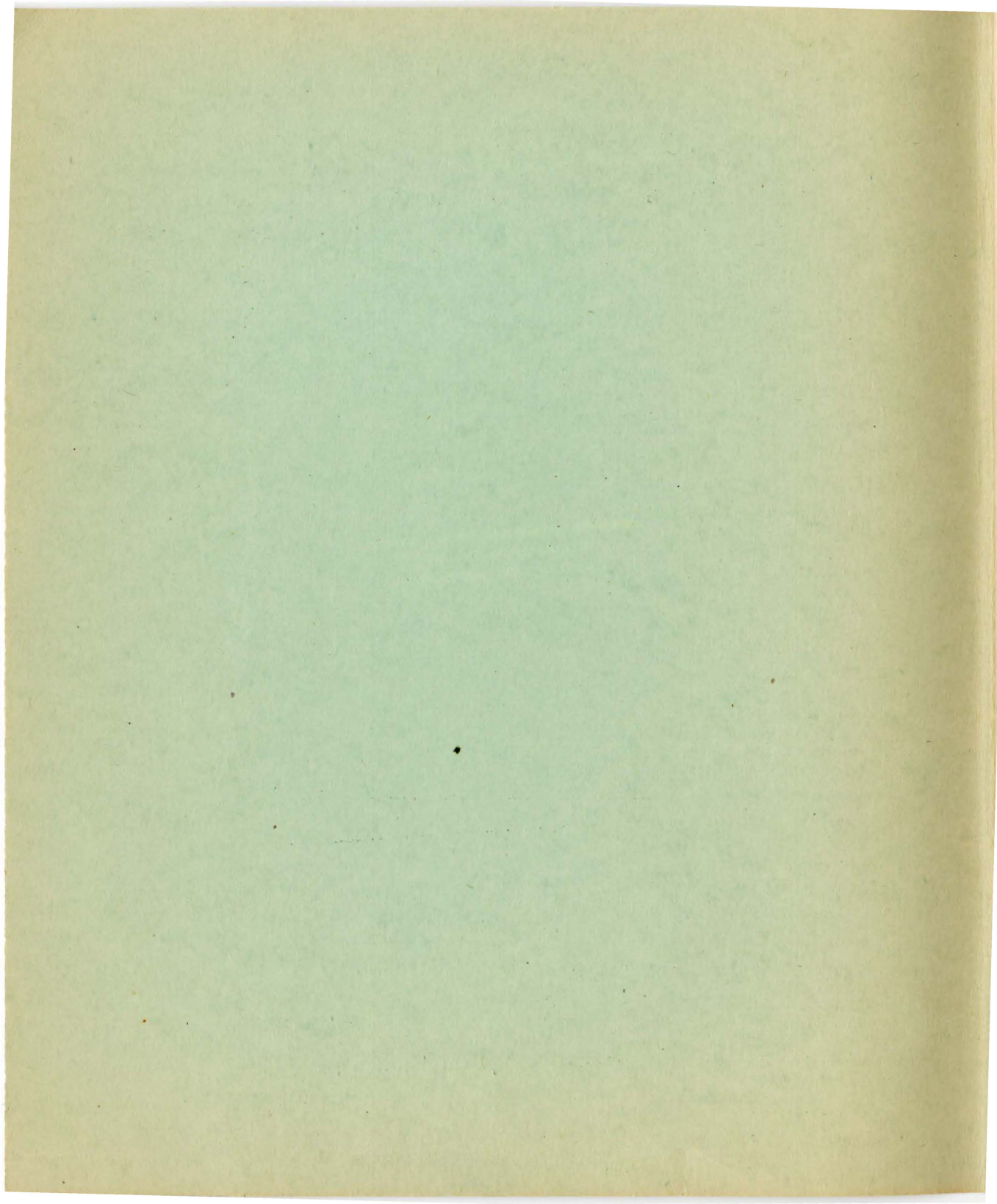


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Mt. Vernon Literary Society
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Forward

The Washington College Sausage, which is composed of original poems and prose contributed by the students, was founded by Mr. Ralph Thornton, former English instructor and faculty advisor to the Mt. Vernon Literary Society. The title, the Sausage, is taken from that of a humor magazine which was published at Oxford in the 1800's.

Sincere thanks are due to the members and friends of the Mt. Vernon Literary Society for their contributions and efforts in helping to make this edition of the Sausage possible. A special word of thanks must go to Doris Schelenger and Betty Irene Ivens for their untiring efforts on behalf of this publication. The advice and aid of Mr. Brubaker and Mr. Barnett has been invaluable in our task.

Every effort has been made to present the material as it was received. We apologize for any errors in printing or editing.

Arden J. Fox

Foreword

The Washington College Library, which is composed of original books and press contributed by the students, was founded by Mr. Ralph Thomas, former English instructor and faculty adviser to the Mr. Vernon Literary Society. The title, the Gleaner, is taken from that of a famous magazine which was published at Oxford in the 1800's.

Kindred students are due to the messengers and friends of the Mr. Vernon Literary Society for their contributions and efforts in helping to make this edition of the Gleaner possible. A special word of thanks must go to Mr. R. Scholten and Betty Irene Evans for their untiring efforts on behalf of the publication. The advice and aid of Mr. Brinkley and Mr. Barrett has been invaluable in our task.

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Arthur A. Fox

Dedicated

To Howard Barnett
with sincere gratitude
for his assistance
in this publication
and our other endeavors.

October 1944

The above mentioned
with the following
for the purpose
of the following
and the other as follows.

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Love Not too Little

Love not too late nor yet too soon.
Love not alone the flower's bloom:
For deep within there breathes the soul
Of one who seeks a greater goal
Than love for love's poor sake alone.

Love not too carelessly nor tight,
Love soon will die that has to fight
The unseen grip of a selfish mate,
Or should it meet the other fate
Of one who cares too little.

They say to love is but to live,
So share and then to give and give,
Until it seems the worlds must part
With all the joys of the human heart
That knows it loves at last.

Come dip your cup and drink your fill,
Refresh yourself for the climb up-hill;
For over the rim lie the dreams of the heart,
Where loved ones meet and need not part
Who wisely lived and loved.

Kay Heighe Ahern

Night Thoughts

Midnight! The steeple clock tolls out the hour
When night, her course half run exhales
With gentle sigh of zephyrs in distress,
Wand'ring, they know not where, in loneliness;
And up the moonlit campus in a shower
Of silvery splendor, gleaming bright as day,
Stalk images once known, and far away,
Yet close as a palm's reach, these feet
That nightly sanctify this holy place,
Treading the walks and shadowed ways,
By day we know, but lack the praise
To see into their nature, what lies there
Beyond a blade of grass, a strand of hair,
What all-pervading force strives to complete
Itself, here in this haunted hour.
For lo! The dawn in fragrant radiance breaks
Upon the east, scattering the night
In but a fleeting semblance past
And half forgotten; yet with the morn
A new day dawns, Man's spirit is reborn.

Richard Stevens

"Combat Jump"

When the sound of a transport plane warming its engines drifted across the airfield and struck my ear I suddenly felt sick to my stomach. I dropped the cigarette I was smoking and ground it out with my jumpboot so my buddies would not see that my hand had begun to shake.

I glanced around to watch the airfield come alive as the men struggled to their feet. They looked like miniature camels as they got clumsily up, bowed under the weight of their two parachutes, full-field pack, steel helmet, ammunition, and the rifle that was strapped to their left legs. Our First Sergeant was on his feet in a flash and his voice roared at us like my father used to roar when I asked him if I could use the family car.

"At ease. Sit down you eager beavers. We still got a half hour before they get all the planes warmed up."

I sat down as the rest of the men did, obeying the voice that we had been taught to obey without question. My mouth went dry and my hands began to sweat as they used to do before the starter's gun went off in the hundred yard dash, back in high school. But I wasn't back in high school and this wasn't any hundred yard dash.

This was the long, mentally exhausting wait that always precedes a combat parachute jump. The wait, that the recruiting sergeants never tell you about when they ask you to join the Airborne. The wait, that you never see pictured on the recruiting posters that only emphasize the shiny parachute wings and the even shinier jump boots that you can wear when you have completed jump school.

I felt a hand on my wrist. I glanced up sharply at this invasion of my reverie. The voice of Sergeant Smith broke further into my reverie.

"Hey, Becker. Gotta cigarette? I'm all out."

I fumbled in my pocket for my crushed pack, pulled it out, and held it out to him.

"Here you bum," I said, "I hope you choke."

He waited until he had lit his cigarette before he answered.

"What's the matter, kid, you getting jumpy?"

"Go to hell," I told him, hoping that this forced bravado would cover up the empty feeling I had inside of me and that I wanted to keep there and not let crawl out where everybody could see it. He grinned at me but I knew that it had worked for he turned away and started up a conversation with the man next to him.

It's funny, I thought, how sometimes even your best friend can't be taken into your confidence at a time like this. The Japanese call it "saving face", this trying to keep from showing your fear, the Americans call it "not being chicken." I guess all soldiers have their expressions for it but whatever they call it, it's still the same, the world over.

Suddenly, a pink flare burst over our heads and split the dark-blue morning sky with its brilliance. I scrambled to my feet. Now I didn't have to fear the First Sergeant. That was the signal we had been waiting for. I looked down the airstrip and watched a transport plane, towing a glider behind it, begin to taxi up to where we were standing. When it had pulled up abreast of us our company commander throw his arm in the air, made a few circular motions and then jerked it down and pointed to the plane. He immediately began to run towards it and we followed him the way kids play follow the leader.

When I reached the little metal laddered that led up and into the belly of the plane my breath was coming in short, hard gasps and my knees felt as if they were going to buckle under the load I was carrying. I put my hands on the railing of the ladder, put my left foot on the ladder rung, took a deep breath and heaved myself up to the first step.

Once I was moving I was all-right. I moved on into the plane and sat down in my bucket seat on the right side, which to all paratroopers is known as the "bastard" side because jumping from that side must be done the opposite from the way we had been taught to do it.

As soon as I was settled in my seat I fastened my safety belt and watched the jumpmaster(who is in

complete charge of the plane while it is in the air) unfasten the ladder I had just climbed and drop it to the Air Force men who were waiting for it on the ground. After he had done this he checked us all to see that we had our safety belts fastened. Then he moved up to tell the pilot that everything was set for the take-off.

I could tell the exact moment the pilot got his orders from the tower to take off; for the plane gave a sharp jerk forward, then bounced and caught itself as the over-eager pilot slammed on the brakes to compensate for his releasing them too quickly.

He taxied the plane to the end of the runway, revved the engines until I thought they were going to take off by themselves, and then released the brakes slowly. The plane moved forward, picking up momentum with every foot it covered. I watched the ground, through the open door, slipping by faster and faster until it looked like a film in a movie that had been speeded up by a projector suddenly gone berserk.

I could feel the tail of the plane come up and then that all pervading nothingness that a bird must feel when he leaves the earth for the first time. The moment we left the ground, I, and every man in the plane shouted oneword, "AIRBORNE!" I did this instinctively for it was part of the routine that they had hammered into us during our jump school training. It seemed to have the desired effect because I began to feel relaxed and my fear vanished. An escape for pent-up emotions the psychologists call it. I could feel the blood pounding through my veins once again, and the cockiness, swagger, and the "don't-give-a-damn" attitude of jump school days come back in a sudden flood.

The jumpmaster came back from the front of the plane and told us that we could smoke, now that we were in the air. I pulled out a cigarette, lit it, and started to take an interest in what was going on around me.

I glanced to the rear of the plane and counted the bundles of equipment lying on the floor, taking up the space from door to door. Three bundles, one

with the machine-guns and bazookas, one with the mortars and one with the ammunition. The bundles had colorful cotton parachutes strapped to them to designate just what type of equipment was in them.

Then my gaze went to the jump door, out, and down. Eighteen thousand feet below us was the Sibuyan Sea, dotted with tiny islands. Slightly below and a thousand feet to the rear was the first plane and glider of the formation that was strung out behind us. As I was gazing downward my eye caught a flash of white, sandy beach. Then it vanished past the door and the water of the sea was replaced by the rugged, snow-capped mountains of northern Luzon.

It won't be long now, I thought. As soon as we leave the water we're heading for the drop zone.

As if in answer to my thought the jumpmaster came back, walked to the door, looked out of it for a long moment, and walked back to the pilot's compartment. A minute later the five-minute warning bell rang and the jumpmaster re-appeared and walked to his station at the door. I unfastened my safety belt and began to make ready for the jump. The first command was shouted.

"Get Ready."

I unhooked my snapfastener, placed it in my right hand and made sure the canvas strap that was sewed to my snapfastener (which helps to open the parachute) was not tangled or did not hang down under my arm. The next command came.

"Stand up and hook up."

I stood up, hooked my snapfastener over the anchor cable that ran the length of the plane and pulled down, hard, until I felt it lock. Before the next command of, "Check Equipment," I had already begun to inspect my reserve chute, rifle, etc., and the equipment on the back of the man in front of me. I slapped him on his right leg so he would know that he had been checked. He did the same thing to the man in front of him and so on down the line until it came to the first man who threw his hand in the air to indicate that everyone had been checked. The two-minute warning bell rang and then I heard the

jumpmaster shout.

"Get ready."

The anchor cable began to jump and buck and I KNEW THAT THE EQUIPMENT BUNDLES WERE BEING KICKED out. Then the much awaited command finally came.

"Ready, Ho."

I saw the first man on our side of the plane twist out and down. Then I shuffled forward as the men ahead of me kept disappearing, one by one. I reached the door, threw my snapfastener as hard as I could to the rear of the plane, pivoted in the doorway and twisted out into the slipstream. I brought my feet together, bent my head, placed my hands over my reserve chute and counted one-two thousand, three thousand."

I felt as if I were caught in some gigantic whirlpool and was struggling to fight my way to the surface only this whirlpool was one of air and noise instead of water.

I came to the surface but instead of breathing air it was knocked out of me by the jarring, jolting, wrenching impact of the parachute opening. My helmet came clanging down over my eyes and I jerked on the end of my shroud lines like a body on the end of a hangman's rope. The air was suddenly quiet and I pushed my helmet back on my head and shouted, "Thank you, God, thank you." About me the sky was filled with parachutes and gliders. The sky was bare of flack and tracer bullets, however, and I know that our jump had been a complete surprise to the enemy.

I reached high up on my shroud lines and pulled and tugged on them to guide my chute through the maze. The ground was coming up fast. When I was about fifty feet from the ground I forced myself to relax and looked straight ahead at the horizon as I had been taught. Then a gust of wind caught me and I started to drift backwards. Oh my God, I thought, I've had it now!

My heels hit first, caught on a little mound of dirt and I went over backwards in a complete somersault. My chute collapsed on top of me and I lay there, stunned. The next thing I felt was a boot

prodding me in the ribs. I glanced up. There crouched the biggest major I had ever seen.

"Are you dead, soldier?", he asked me.

"No sir," I replied.

"Well then, get the hell up and off this field," he said and moved off down the field.

I struggled to free myself from the folds and lines of my chute, picked up my rifle and headed for my squad rendezvous point as fast as I could run.

Paul W. Becker

My Life and The Stream

A spring bubbles forth from the virgin earth
From the cool and fertile ground.
And this mountain spring to a stream gives birth
And thus is my life found.

My life is similar to that of a stream
Which begins among the hills.
At birth we both are pure and clean
But our life with dirt soon fills.

The stream rushes down the mountain side
Eager to get away
The brown trout which in its depths does hide
Beckons for it to stay.

The stream flows into the foot-hills
Here it is first employed.
It turns the wheels of the great grist mills,
Its natural beauty destroyed.

In its eager haste to get to town
The stream erodes the soil
Making it dirty, muddy, and brown
Like one who sees hard toil.

Past the foot-hills through gentle plains
The muddy stream now flows.
Into the low-lands where, when it rains,
It is the worst of foes.

Into the town which is reached at last
The stream flows with delusions.
A little later the town is passed--
The stream is disillusioned.

The sewers of town their filth thrust forth
Into the foesaken stream.
All things long awaited, are not worth the
Waiting, so it seems.

Instead of being used for fountains
Its fate lies here in shame.
Its heart is back among the mountains
Where peace and beauty reign.

Jack D. McCullough

Stillness Disturbed

Softly now, gentle waters flow.
Tiny ripple of a stone
Grows and grows, until
It covers the whole of the pond.
See, little pebble thrown
Into the pond at random
Disturbs this quiet and serenity.
Strange how big little things
Do sometimes grow.

Kay Heighe Ahern

Tell Me, Mamma

Mamma, does Jesus ever sneeze?
Is there in heaven an autumn breeze?
Do children in Heaven have taffy pulls?
In Winter do they wear heavy wools?
Does St. Peter have a great big hey?
Or an ice cream cone of gold for me?
Does Santa Claus live way up there?
Does God have time to rest in a chair?
Does St. Mary wear glasses now that
 She's old?
Do little angels ever catch cold?
Do they take tonic in the spring?
In Heaven, do the blue bells ring?
And is it really, truly right
That angels tuck God in at night?
Tell me, Mamma, is it true
That all the angels are just like you?

Kay Heighe Ahern

On First looking into the Sausage

Hence vain deluding joys
Love of life and life of love
Worship of all and any above
Fly from college girls and boys
But hail! thou Goddess, sage and holy
Hail divinest Melancholy
We, on the stoop of life
Must see it all as strife
To love and be loved in return
Is against our code so stern
Love's path can't be straight
Or lovers must awaken too late
Poems and prose must be of gore
With frustrated characters galore
Bury yonder sunny ray
We mustn't live till break of day
For we are the college writers
We are the joy fighters
What's white must be gray and gray, black
Let he who smiles be put on the rack
crying "Life must be gloomy"
With Sausage and Remington 'tis off to a
cavern roomy

Donald S. Owings

The Tormenter

Much thought is given to that little creature who comes snooping about when everyone is deep in sleep. In fact, the thought weighs heaviest on the minds of those who cannot possibly sleep when they think of him or what he might be about to do next.

Of course you know already that I speak of Cyrus, the cutest of the small pests that are in captivity today. Cyrus just loves to scamper about, scratching as he goes slipping on the freshly waxed floors. He doesn't wear shoes and is not accustomed to such things as slippery floors. Regardless he makes speed where ever he goes. Especially if he is hungry and knows that food is nearby.

Only yesterday evening I saw Cyrus as I lay in bed. His first giveaway sign was a slight scratching, then a long slide as he lost his equilibrium on the waxed floor. Pulling himself together he scampered off again. As he peered at me from behind the waste basket to see if I was sleeping, it was possible to see in his small beady eyes that he was plotting to storm my top desk drawer where he knew some candy awaited him. He knew this because his advance scout, Adolph, had found it the previous night while on a foodsearch patrol.

I lay back and watched and tried to figure how he would scale the legs of the desk. He can't use his scaling ladder because he didn't bring it with him this time. He could possibly call on Adolph as he is smaller and lighter and is more adept to climbing than Cyrus. Incidentally, Adolph won a pound of Swiss cheese in reward for his efforts in scaling a keg of beer last week at a party.

Just then I saw a smile on the little tormenter's face and I knew that his plan was complete. He always takes on a sheepish grin when he thinks of a new way to pester people.

So, without the aid of Adolph or a ladder, Cyrus quickly jumped from behind the waste basket, took

hold of the electric wire leading from the floor lamp, swung onto the chair next to it and sat down contemplating his next move. He was still a good two feet from the top of the desk and there was nothing left to swing on. There was a radiator a mere one foot higher than the seat of the chair where he was now standing ready to jump. So up on the radiator he went, with the help of his strong back legs to propel him. He didn't stay long for it was so hot that he immediately jumped again and landed on the top of the desk.

Success at last well, all except for opening the desk drawer. He looked around for a moment, and then his little brain struck on the idea of using the finger nail file that was lying there to pry open the drawer. Like a bolt out of the blue, he quickly pried open the drawer and gazed at his prize, the candy. He was as happy as a flea in a dog pound until - snap! caught! He didn't see the trap on which the candy lay as it was covered by a piece of paper.

- Cyrus lay dead in the mouse trap I had set for him only a few minutes before. I didn't want to do it but I had no other alternative as the "Mouse Killers Club" was about to discharge me for subversive activities. This was my first kill in weeks.

After notifying his next of kin I went out into the hall and placed a mark next to my name on the mouse tally sheet. It was a sad event indeed.

William C. McDonnell

Loneliness

The mystic whispers of an August night
Are lost within an emptiness of sky
O'er which the rusted moon is poised on high
To toss upon the hills her clouded light.
The winged winds are pausing in their flight
To move the slender trees, and laugh, and sigh,
But then they wander on their way and die,
To leave mist clouds that shade the moon from sight.
My soul is reaching forth to touch the wind,
To feel the sky, to take the moon from shade,
To grasp the wispy mist within a cloud;
But moon, and mis, and cloud and sky are dimmed;
My soul has reached them, then swiftly fade,
And loneliness had caught me in her shroud.

H. Donnally

Twilight

When twilight sweeps her veil across the heavens
To scatter threads of star-mist in her path,
She takes from me my careless daytime pleasures
And offers me a melencholy calm.

My soul is drained of strength and care-free boldness
That thrive by light of brazen noon-day sun.
I grope to hold security and gladness,
But will they flee upon the wings of dusk?

When twilight touches earth with mystic sadness,
She brings a peace to nature's turbulence;
She breathes to restless winds her soothing wisdom,
She strokes the angry waves of evening tides.

And nature, like the weary child of evening,
Is clothed in sweet serenity and bliss;
And like the placid child, when dusk drifts earthward
She bows her nodding head and softly sleeps.

My soul is filled with fath in nature's slumber,
And I have found the haven of content.
As twilight shadows drape themselves in darkness,
I bow my head and step into the night.

H. Donnally

The Diary

Rusty had a feeling today, a special kind of feeling, one that he couldn't quite name. It was intangible and just when he thought he had it, it would slip away from him again, slip away but never leave him entirely. It was always there, in the attics of his mind, hiding behind his memories. He had too many of those, Rusty told himself, they needed cleaning out. They were just so many cobwebs to entangle him and like a fly he had to let himself be caught.

"Come into my parlor said the spider to the fly," he quoted.

Mentally Rusty shock himself and the cobwebs wavered daintily but remained firmly in place. He got up and ran his fingers through his stiff, close-cropped hair. It still retained the color that had given him his inevitable nick-name "Rusty". Rusty in more ways than one, he thought.

Mary Ann was the only one who'd ever called him Dick. She'd been dead almost two weeks now and yet he could almost hear her calling him. When Mary Ann had called him there'd always been that expectant quality in her voice-her voice had really been the most lovely thing about her. It was sweet and high like a child's and one hated to disillusion it because it was so sure that everything it touched was still wonderful and idyllic and had never been spoiled.

"Dick," she'd call, "Come quickly, come see!" and she'd point to a bush with a new bud on it or a pretty picture post-card that had just come in the mail. One had to share, at least outwardly, her pleasure because one could not disillusion the voice; it expected you to get excited too and it wanted you to be pleased and one couldn't tell it that the same bush had the other buds on it and that one had seen the post-card the day before, ten for a dime, at Woolworth's; one caught the pleasure and was finally made to share it by the voice.

"Two weeks without you, Mary Ann," he thought.

"Two weeks in which I've done nothing. I haven't even given your things away. They're all too much a part of you that I hate to do it. Your possessions were as individually yours as was your voice. They might, as well have your name on them. It would be almost like wearing someone else's arm or leg."

"You were a paradox in so many ways, Mary Ann, and sometimes I'd like to know just what went on in your thoughts. Were they paradoxical to you too, Mary Ann, or did you know yourself? What did you write every day in that diary that you stopped keeping on our first wedding anniversary? I promised you I'd never read it but you know promises have been broken before!"

With swift and determined steps Dick crossed the hall and stepped into the room that had been hers-- and there was that feeling again-- Columbus must have felt like this when he'd known he was about to discover a new world. Dick had no idea what he was about to find!

He moved vaguely about the room touching familiar objects, pushing aside the curtains, and pulling open drawers. There, holding down some letters on her desk was the paper-weight he'd sent her the time he'd taken that trip before they were married. It was a shell, carved and dainty, and its weight which one could not see or guess, had always surprised him.

He remembered that trip well. He'd had so much fun that he'd been convinced that he wasn't ready to get married and he'd been quite prepared to tell Mary Ann. He'd even known just what he was going to say-- things about wanting to keep his freedom a little longer and not wanting to get tied down but somehow he'd never told her. He had actually meant to, the day he returned and she'd met him at the station but there'd been something intriguing about her there, something more appealing than ever. She'd been early to meet his train but when it had finally pulled in he'd only caught sight of her by coincidence sitting on a bench in the waiting room. She hadn't seen him until he'd stood in front of her and then she'd

jumped and looked confused and mumbled something about it being too early for him to be there. Right then, for some reason, she'd looked so bewildered and alone in the huge waiting room with the ugly lights burning down on them, like microscopes on insect-slides, that he'd again changed his mind and decided that it was his duty to take care of her, that she evidently wasn't capable of it herself and that he'd been the chosen one to do it. Besides she loved him so much, he knew.

He'd put his arm around Mary Ann and led her into the restaurant next door to get some coffee, and pretty soon she'd been herself again, sweet and funny with eyes only for him. Two months later they'd been married.

"I've never thought of regretting it" Dick thought, "I've loved every minute of my life with you and I can't quite imagine what it would have ment without you. I was a top, a gaily colored top and you always spun me in the right direction. And to think I almost didn't marry you because I was having too much fun! What an empty word that is now, Mary Ann, after all the fun we had together."

Dick walked over to the mirror-topped dresser. He pulled out the stool from underneath it, straddled it, and opened the left hand drawer. Reaching in back of her jewelry case he felt the soft leather binding of the book and slid it out from between the scarves, handkerchiefs and gloves which covered it. There was a little gold padlock hanging from the clasp but it wasn't locked and slipped open easily at Rusty's touch.

He remembered when Mary Ann had first told him about her diary. He'd teased her about it and wanted to know why she bothered keeping one. Her answer, as so often, had surprised him.

"I like to look back and check my motives," she'd said. "Issues do get so involved and I can never trust myself to remember what made me do a certain thing at a certain time when under ordinary circumstances I'd have done the exact opposite. It's sort of justification," she'd added laughingly.

Dick also remembered when she'd stopped writing in it. They'd been out dancing, celebrating their first anniversary; they'd had a wonderful time, laughed hilariously at their own private jokes, and squandered too much of his then meager salary on champagne. They'd come home and after she'd followed the nightly ritual of writing in the little leather book, she'd closed it rather definitely and stuck it in back of the jewelry-box where it had remained. A few days later he'd asked her why she had stopped writing in it and again she'd laughed and said:

"Oh, I know all my motives and my issues aren't a bit confused any more!"

Dick had never thought any more about it but now he wondered just what she ment. He riffled through the first few pages, skimming a few lines her and there. The diary began with the beginning of her last year in college and included the ten months or so that she'd worked in the hospital, interviewing incoming patients. It was a mixed record of college dates, hospital cases, random observations and remarks and here and there the mention of a mutual friend or acquaintance. He enjoyed her criticisms; they were witty and to the point and he realized that she'd seldom expressed them out loud. The thought struck Dick that the diary must have been a release for her and that her putting it away for good must have meant quite a change in her outlook.

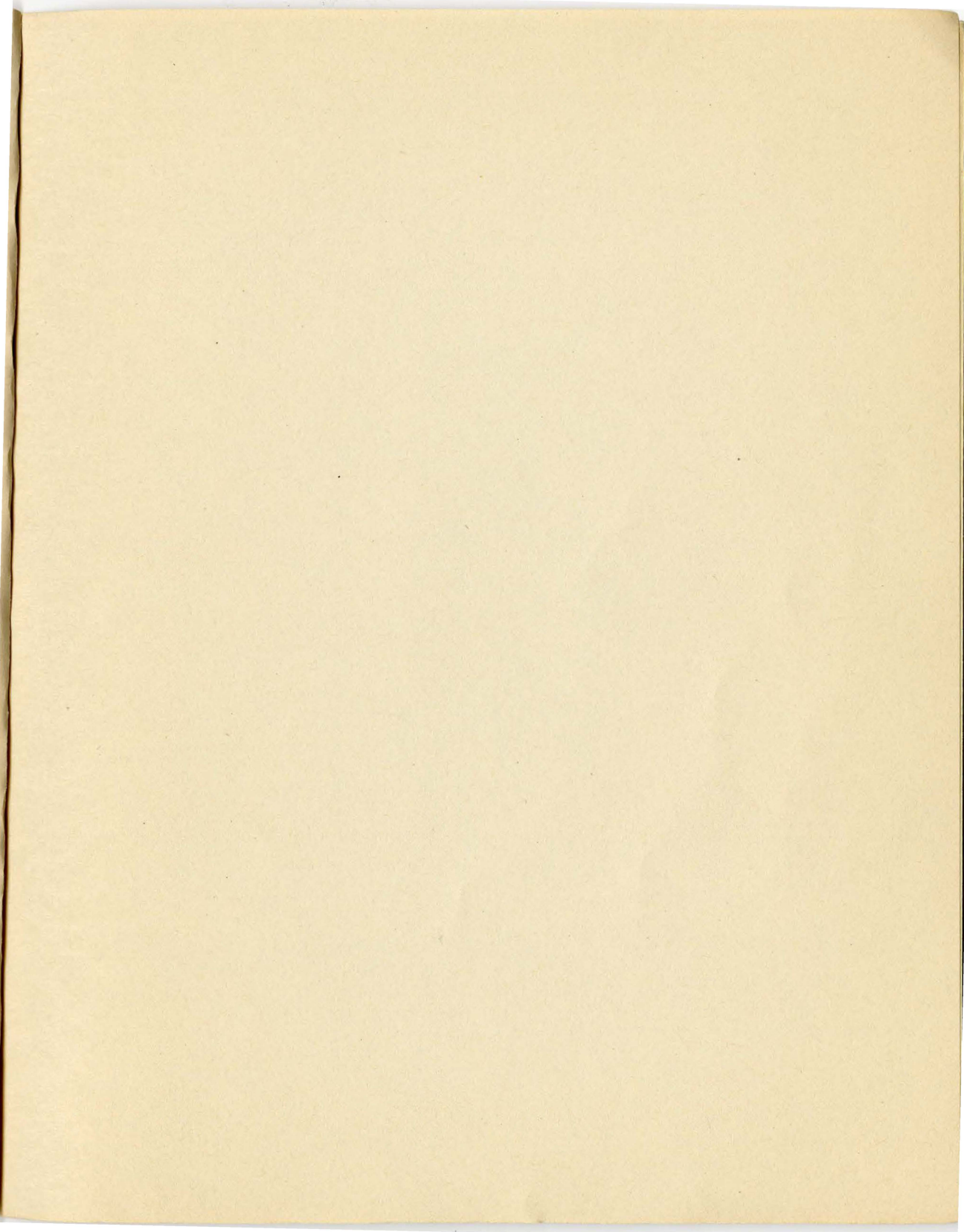
1925 - her was the day they'd met in the railroad station- the station with the burning lights.

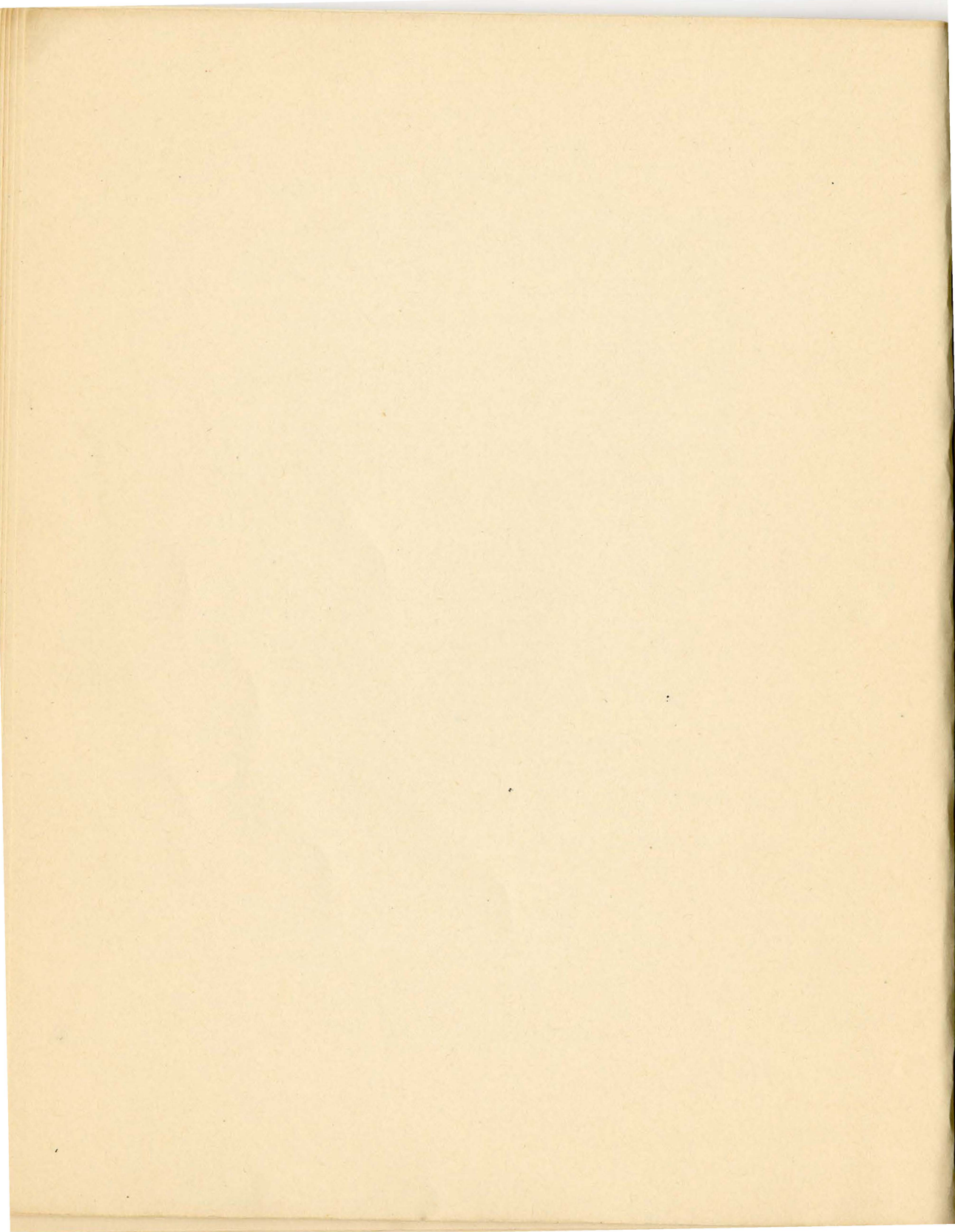
"I went to meet Dick today", he read, "and I just couldn't tell him. I was trying to make up a good speech for so long that I forgot the time and missed the arrival of the train. He was so sweet and funny when he saw me, and I think he loves me so, that I changed my mind all over again and decided I'd marry him after all. He just can't seem to take care of himself and I guess I'm the one to do it."

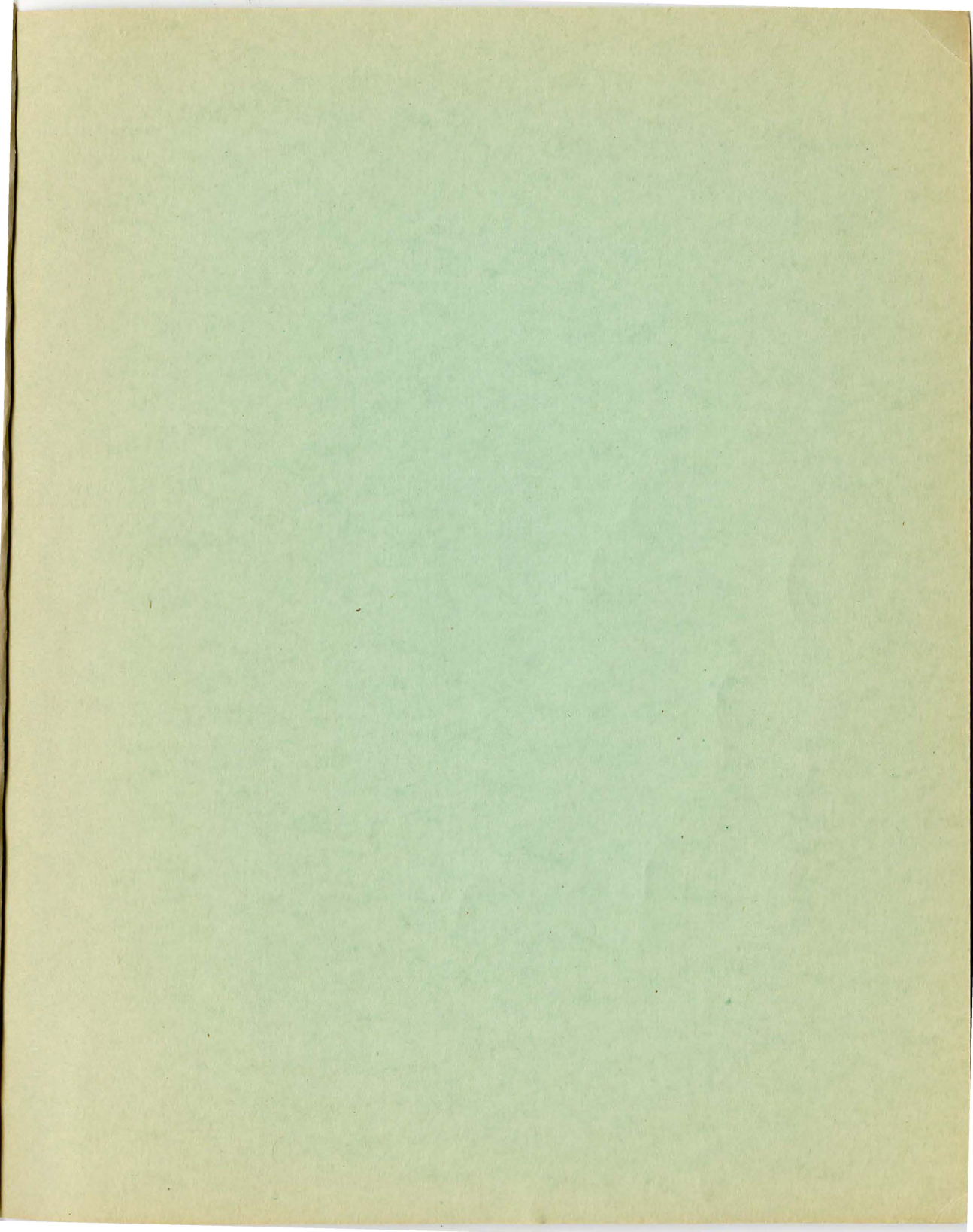
Memory

This you can never take from me
Though time be long and cruel,
That once we kissed beneath a bough
Of heavy scented blooms,
And there you whispered promises
Of happiness to come.
Your love may die, as love will do,
Or change to vague regret,
But still I have a memory
That I'll not soon forget.

Betty Irene Ivens







REFERENCE BOOK
NOT TO BE TAKEN
FROM THE LIBRARY